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# THE BANTU ARE COMING

# The Bantu are Coming

## PHASES OF SOUTH AFRICA'S RACE PROBLEM

BY

RAY E. PHILLIPS, B.A., B.D.

With a Foreword by

C. T. LORAM, M.A., LL.B., Ph.D.

*The Native Affairs Commission, Union of South Africa*

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# FOREWORD

The author of this book is a member of the American Zulu Mission placed in charge of the Christian Social Service work of his Mission in Johannesburg, the largest city in South Africa. Young, virile, athletic, of magnetic personality and tireless energy, endowed with a keen sense of humour, he is a fine example of the new Christian missionary who is spreading the social gospel of Christ in many lands. A graduate of Carlton College, U.S.A., with post-graduate work at Yale Divinity School, he came to South Africa ten or twelve years ago. He and his wife, also a Carlton graduate of distinction and ability, quickly learnt the Zulu language and joined the late Reverend Dr F. B. Bridgman, one of the greatest of Africa's great missionaries, in Johannesburg.

Mr Phillips sensed at once the need for social work, particularly among the young native "intellectuals," as General Smuts once called the group of well-educated, discontented, striving black men who, whether they deserve it or not, are bound to become leaders of their people. These young men, ready tools for the scheming agitator, Mr Phillips has bound to him with ties of personal friendship, and in so doing has saved them from

foolish and hasty action, and South Africa so far from any serious outbreak of racial trouble. With his rare gift of persuasiveness and his obvious sincerity Mr Phillips has secured the support of the business men of Johannesburg as well as of his fellow-missionaries and others interested in the welfare of the natives, and has made Johannesburg " the university of crime," as one of our statesmen called it, the leading city in South Africa for practical social work of a definitely Christian character.

Because of his unique contacts with both whites and blacks, Mr Phillips has appreciated perhaps to a greater extent than any other white man in South Africa, the danger of racial conflict in South Africa, and in this work he traces some of the causes of race antagonism and offers the only real remedy—a consideration and treatment of the natives from the point of view of a Christian Society.

While Mr Phillips excoriates our cant beliefs about natives, criticizes the attitude of the governing whites towards the native people with real indignation, his object is perfectly plain. He sees the absolute necessity for a basis of adjustment between two races who have to live side by side; he realizes clearly that the interests of both whites and blacks are inextricably bound up together so that the prosperity of the one race depends on the prosperity of the other. He believes that the white people of South Africa, whom he addresses particularly in his volume, are fundamentally fair-

minded and willing to be just to the natives, but he holds that they are ignorant or unmindful of the depth of native feeling, so with this clarion-call to Christian White South Africa, he seeks to rouse them to a sense of the really dangerous position of the present racial situation in South Africa.

While dissociating myself entirely from the political opinions expressed herein, I, as a South African, commend to my fellow-countrymen this burning appeal for a change of heart in the consideration of our grave and difficult problem.

C. T. LORAM.

CAPETOWN,
*January* 10, 1930.

# INTRODUCTORY

THE time is Sunday morning. The sun is already high. The large, open space in which we find ourselves is the central area of one of the great mine compounds in Johannesburg. The thousands of sparsely-clad, chocolate-coloured folk who surround the bare, open space, some ten deep, are a segment of the 200,000 native African workers who hammer drills, push trucks, lift rock—mine the gold. That little group of white folk who sit off to that side are mostly overseas tourists.

The talking on all sides is terrific. From the natives much chatter, much laughter, many curious glances at the white visitors. Equal curiosity, less laughter, on the part of the whites.

Suddenly music! Weird music! The gaily bedecked black men who have been lolling before their long lines of *tambilas* (xylophones), a little to the right, are now all action. Rubber-tipped hammers fly as they pound out the war march of the Bachopis.

Then—ah! Here they come! With "Blandy" the huge leader of the Bachopis in the van. They *are* a sight. Cameras click. Next to the Prince of Wales, "Blandy" is probably the most photographed individual in the British Empire. And he

is not entirely unconscious of his attractions and ability. When Anna Pavlova, the famous dancer, visited Johannesburg, she was introduced to "Blandy." He was told that here was "the most famous dancer in the world." "Ha!" exclaimed Blandy, "she hasn't seen me yet!"

Here comes Blandy and his followers, fifty of them. Monkey tails flop about the legs of the advancing army; spears are brandished in unison; feather head-dresses flutter in the breeze.

And what is this they are saying? Now and again as they advance we hear a deep-throated response to the music of the *tambilas:* "*Siyeza!*—*Siyeza!*" Then a little later . . . "*Siyeza!*—*Siyeza!*" From the depths of fifty black men's chests comes the refrain: "*Siyeza!* We are coming! We are coming!"

For an hour we sit and watch the dance of the Bantu warriors. Is this exactly the thing one would see in the native kraals? The compound manager explains: "Since coming to Johannesburg they've added a good deal to the old, heathen dances. You notice the football jerseys underneath the monkey-tail belts and the skins? And do you catch the tune they are playing now?" You listen intently.—Why, is it possible? It surely is!—"I want to be happy!"—last year's popular song from "No! No! Nanette," the musical revue!

Then the full force of the marching refrain hits you squarely. "Siyeza! We are coming!" Just so! These South African natives are coming along! "Nanette" and football jerseys have found a

congenial home in the old dances of the native people.

This leads inevitably to the query: And is there anything else? What other features of civilization are being adopted by these people?

This book is an attempt at a partial answer to that question. The native people are coming and coming fast. They are bursting into civilization almost overnight. Why are they coming so fast? In what direction are they moving? What elements are influencing the Bantu for good or for ill in this transition time of rapid change? These questions are occasioning much discussion among well-informed people to-day.

If the following pages serve to stimulate a few individuals to examine more closely and think more deeply into some feature of the many-sided complex of questions which are raised by the rapid entrance into western civilization of these Bantu, they will have been abundantly worth while.

# CHAPTER I

## A GLIMPSE OF HEATHENISM

SEVEN hours' bumpy riding on donkey-back in the hot sun! Nine or ten miles still to go! Two young fellows in a slow-moving caravan of native carriers wonder how long it will be before paved roads turn travel in this corner of Africa into something that can be enjoyed. This donkey-back proposition! It has nothing in its favour, except that it's better than pushing along by foot through the burning sand along the twisting paths.

"Half a yard, half a yard—onward"—shuffle, shuf——

"Befundisi"—it is the voice of the native guide, Likumbi—"we are approaching Chief Jacket's village. Shall we not stop and pay our respects to the old chief?"

Immediate assent is registered in the voices of the two white riders. Also relief. Anything for a break in this monotonous crawl!

"And how about tea, Likumbi?" asks Harwood Catlin, the rider in front. "Can we find anything to drink at the chief's kraal?"

This query of Catlin's recalls to my mind that I, too, am desert-dry. I am the other rider.

Soon the grass huts of the chief's village are

seen. A large kraal with many huts, yet strangely quiet! What's the trouble?

As we enter we notice that the occupants have not left, but only withdrawn themselves into a crowded group at the far side of the village. Likumbi dismounts stiffly from his lop-eared steed and goes forward to investigate. He returns.

"Important business here," he says. "Two big *indabas* (meetings). They have finished one of them. Look!"

He points to two men, bloody and seemingly unconscious, lying alongside a hut. They have been roughly dealt with.

"*Abatakati* (evil workers)," Likumbi explains. "They made the old chief sick. They have been smelled-out by the *isangoma* (witch-doctor) and punished. It will go harder yet with them if the old chief dies."

"But they are settling another matter now," continues Likumbi. "Some sheep were killed last night. And the chief has asked the *isangoma* to stay on and smell-out the one who bewitched the wolf to kill the sheep." This is a serious occasion. Witchcraft is worse than murder. The penalty is death.

We park our donkeys and approach the assembled knot of men and women. We stand with the children on the outside. The witch-doctor, the high priest of the spirit-world, in the usual dirty skins and bedrabbled feathers, sits in the centre of the circle.

The "bones" are being thrown. These divining

WITCH DOCTOR THROWING THE BONES.

(*Chapter I.*)

A FAMOUS MEDICAL MAN AT WORK

(*Chapter II.*)

pieces are made from sheep's ankle bones, polished smooth on one side and roughened on the other. When thrown into the air they are so directed by supernatural powers that they fall on the ground as the spirits wish. And, of course, the spirits know who is guilty and they are anxious to see that justice is done! If the bones fall with smooth sides on top, that is proof that the party concerned is innocent; if rough sides up, guilty. That's the way the spirits speak!

The spirits speak even as we look. On behalf of each member of the circle are they thrown. And for each the bones fall with smooth sides uppermost; except for one woman at the left, a wife of the chief; for her they sound the death-knell, for the rough sides of the bones are plainly seen.

With a cry, wild-eyed and tearful, this woman jumps to her feet: "It's not so! The bones lie! I haven't seen the wolf! It's not true!" She appeals to the whole group, then to individuals near her.

But she appeals in vain. No sympathy is apparent in the faces of the group. If any feel that she's telling the truth they don't show it. It's dangerous to oppose a doctor. He's in league with the spirits. After all—who knows? This is the tribal way. Our fathers did it after this fashion. The spirits have spoken.

Suddenly the big voice of Likumbi, our guide, hushes the cries of the woman. He takes a few steps forward and boldly challenges the decision of the witch-doctor.

"Listen to me, people of my tribe! Consider well what you are doing here. You know that the Government will surely hear about this if you put this woman to death. You remember our white rulers have said that they are going to stop this *ukubula* (divining by bones). It will go hard with this kraal. You may all suffer. It is time you learned that this is not the right way to go about things. Leave the ways of darkness; come out with us Christians into the ways of light!" Likumbi, whose virile Christian faith has transformed hundreds of villages in this heathen land, appeals to the group as a brother and a friend.

The people are impressed. Some move uneasily. The *isangoma* watches keenly, then speaks defiantly:

"We Batswa know that the spirits speak to us through this fashion. But they speak in many other ways as well. We can try another way if this ancient method of our fathers is doubted."

He opens his dirty bag of paraphernalia, and selects from it a half-dozen horn bottles. These are cows' horns, cut squarely across with wooden disks fitted tightly into the open ends. Wooden pegs fit snugly into holes in these wooden tops. These bottles, or boxes, are the air-tight containers for seeds and beads.

The doctor lays these in front of him in a row. He says to one of the men, "Repeat your story." Then he removes the peg from one of the boxes and puts it in his mouth, between his teeth.

As the man talks the witch-doctor holds the unstoppered opening of the box toward the speaker,

and we understand that the essence of the man's innocence or guilt is entering through the hole into the box; for when he finishes, the doctor removes the peg from his mouth, puts it into its hole in the wooden top, and lays the box down on the ground. This performance is repeated for several others, including the woman declared guilty by the bones.

When the evidence is all in, the doctor takes the boxes and distributes them, carefully giving each person the box containing the essence of his or her guilt. Then comes the supreme test!

"When I shout," orders the *isangoma*, "pull out those pegs!"

He shouts. They all pull. All the pegs come out, *except* the one held by the woman. There she sits, desperately working, the box between her knees, the peg between her teeth! It is no use! She can't move it!

The witch-doctor gazes triumphantly around. All are convinced. "There you are!" he cries. "It's just as I said. The spirits have truly spoken."

But we are not satisfied. Likumbi requests that the man next the woman try to pull out her peg.

"*Ai kona!* (None of that!)." The doctor insolently refuses.

I see what Likumbi is driving at, and I make my way around the circle behind the woman.

"Give me the box!"

The woman hands it to me.

I grasp the peg and try to pull it out. It doesn't come! I pull harder. Still it doesn't come! The crowd watches me curiously.

"Come over here, please, Catlin, and lend a hand!"

Mr Catlin grasps the box tight in his hands. With my two hands I pull; then pry; wriggle and twist. Suddenly the peg comes out in my hands.

We carefully inspect the peg. Then we pick up the peg pulled out by one of the men. Ah! The secret is solved!

We show the crowd what happened. Any but blind men can see how they have been duped. One peg is perfectly dry—the one pulled out so easily by the man. The other is dripping with saliva from the *isangoma's* mouth. Witch-*doctor* is right! He had so doctored the woman's peg that when it was inserted in the wooden top and both top and peg swelled with the moisture, an elephant would have had his trunkful pulling it out!

The opportunity is rich for Likumbi, in the tribe's own language, to pour some hot shot into their superstitious consciences. He calls on them with impassioned words to forsake the ways of darkness, leave behind them their fears of the spirit-world; which fears make it possible for witch-doctors to prey on their ignorance in this way; to come out into the Light where Love, not Fear, controls.

We can see that Likumbi's words are sinking deep into the hearts of the sobered listeners. They know now that some of the jealous wives of the chief must have "bought" the witch-doctor; "fixed" him to falsely charge this woman and have her put out of the way.

When we lead our donkeys back to the hot, sandy trail, we know that there will be no murder in Chief Jacket's kraal that night and that witchcraft has received another bad jolt.

White people cannot easily grasp what it means to be an African heathen, to be a member of a society where fear controls by day and by night—especially at night! We cannot imagine life under constant surveillance by countless spirits, using animate and inanimate mediators, human and half-human, to accomplish their evil purposes. We cannot sense the dread dreariness of life wherein no hour is safe from threatened attacks from unseen forces. Health and happiness are precarious things, liable to be snatched from you without warning.

Sit at night in a smoky native hut. Here the family are all gathered. Close to the fire are the small folk; the little boys and girls. An old man, wrinkled with years, is mumbling along in the language of his people. He recounts his adventures with the dread powers of earth and air. He describes in a weird undertone the *umkovu* which he once saw: a three-foot hobgoblin, with knees turned backward, hobbling through the grass—out in the service of the spirits! As he whispers on in the dark hut, lit only by the flames from the fitful fire, we watch the children, listening with all ears, their eyes fairly leaping from their sockets. They are being initiated here into the awful Religion of Fear. They will never leave the hut again at night without shouting and singing to scare away the unknown terrors. Every rustle of the grass

or movement in the trees will have some sinister portent. . . . "That bird up there, looking at me! Is it a bird, or isn't it? Maybe it's a bird. Maybe it's an ancestor come to see if I'm living up to the old tribal code." I remember certain secret infringements of that code that I have been guilty of at different times. I tremble with dread! . . . "This snake, slithering through the grass! Is it a snake or isn't it? You can never tell. Maybe it is my grandfather come back from the grave to 'get me' for stealing that mealie-pap!"

"And what is that shadowy object on the horizon?" Hush! Slip into your hut quickly! Sinister things are afoot to-night! It's an *umtakati* riding over the hills; his steed a giant baboon.

We talk to a native man who looks you straight in the eye and tells you how he was followed along a path one evening by a *walking-stick* which attacked him and left him for dead by the roadside. His friends found him there next day. He shows you the scarcely healed scars! Fears in Africa are not limited to attacks by two and four-legged animals. Some of the greatest fears are occasioned by beings who have no legs at all!

A fear-cloud covers heathen Africa. Witchcraft blots out the sun. As General J. C. Smuts has well reminded white people: "There is one perpetual nightmare on the African continent, and that is witchcraft. It is almost impossible for us to realize what its power over the native is. The native's whole life is spent under that blight, and it is only his happy temperament that keeps him from

going under. He is for ever being pursued by imaginary evils and dangers from the beginning of his life to the end. In that way the ills of the native mind are a real horror on this continent of ours."

Heathenism is no joke. It's the most hopeless, deadening, damnable kind of life that mankind has evolved for itself. It's written plainly on the cruel, brazen, inhuman faces of millions who have reached middle age. African heathenism is hell!

## CHAPTER II

### CHRISTIANITY AND HEATHENISM

A SHIP was wrecked in the South Seas. A few sailors, clinging to wreckage, made their way to land, only to discover, when they drew themselves up on the shore, that they were on a cannibal island! Which is better—to die by drowning in the sea, or be served up as the "joint" at a cannibal feast? They talked it over. Finally one said, "Before I jump back into the waves I'm going to take a good look at the man-eaters."

He crawled to the top of a small hill nearby and peered cautiously into the island. The others, watching him anxiously, saw him suddenly jump to his feet, beckon excitedly to them, and cry, "It's all right boys, come on! We're safe! Here's a church!" They at once jumped to their feet with cries of relief. What luck! How quickly their spirits rose! Where their lives haven't been worth twopence before, now they knew that they were safe! For isn't life safe where the Church has gone? Of course it is! There human beings are worth something; life is sacred.

It is just this thing that the Gospel first brings to heathen Africa. The Good News comes with

commanding promises to fear-sodden souls: "Fear not! for I am with you!"

The bewildered African looks up with unbelieving eyes: "Who are you who calls me? I don't know you."

And the reply: "I am the *Unkulunkulu*, the Great, Great One, the One God beside whom there is no other. Come unto Me all you who labour under the soul-destroying blight of witchcraft and superstition, and I will give you peace and freedom and security. I am come to bring Life; Life Abundant. I am the God of Love and I love you. *YOU*, Earth Man."

And the spirit-bound African joyfully throws off his shackles and stumbles up into the light of this wonderful Love. Here is someone who tells him he is of value. He has never been valued before. He has never thought of himself as more than a cog in the tribal machine; a zero in the number representing the whole people. Now he counts as One. He is told that he has something within him which makes it possible for him to become not only a free and independent human being, but even a Son of God Himself, a fellow-citizen of his Master, Jesus Christ, in God's Kingdom. New life stirs within him. There is the joyous awakening of new manhood. He knows what Jesus meant when He spoke to Nicodemus about being "born again." There is no mystery here for the African. The missionary never has to explain that conversation. With him it is not so much being born *again*, as being born for the first time into life,

abundant life, full and free and secure from attack.

We walk along a native path in Zululand. Over there is the hut of "*Baba* (Father)" Mazianna, an aged Zulu. He is even now to be seen sitting outside, reading a book which is held close to his eyes. We draw near. "*Sakubona, Baba* (How do you do, Father)," we say in greeting, and then the usual inquiry, "Are you still well?" elicits the usual answer, "*Ngcosana* (just a little bit)." He is getting old, for he was a warrior in the old Zulu wars.

But as he greets us we see that his is not the hard, inscrutable face of a heathen. It is a kindly face, and it fairly radiates joy and goodwill. His old joints creak as he rises and bids us welcome to his humble home.

"What are you reading to-day, *Baba?*"

He opens his Bible at the Book of Revelation. He has been puzzling out in his own language, the description of the new city where God shall be with men and shall wipe every tear from their eyes; where death shall be no more; neither mourning nor crying nor pain. All things shall be new.

His face shines as he closes the book. He has been seeing things of which his fathers never even dreamed. When his old eyes finally give out, and he sits alone in the hut, his days of waiting will not be as the heathen—desolate, forsaken, forlorn. It will be a time of great peace and joy. From sunrise to sunset he will repeat the great promises of the prophets which he has memorized, the priceless

invitations of the Master, the challenges to faith of Paul and John. And his presence in the village will be, even as it is to-day, a blessing and a benediction. Until he becomes too feeble, he will occupy an honoured place in the church on Sabbath Day, leading the Christian group to the Great White Throne in fervid intercession. On his burial day, the whole community will mourn the passing of one of God's noblemen.

"*Baba*" Mazianna is a member of the white-washed church up there on that hill-top. Hundreds worship along with him every Lord's Day, and other days. That church is a link in the far-flung enterprise of Christian missions. With the eye of faith Christians in other lands have envisioned the black night of heathenism, and their prayers and their contributions bring to this land emissaries of the freeing Gospel. They come, not as the representatives of business enterprise with the prospect of quickly rolling up substantial entries on the credit side of their cash-books. These overseas representatives of the churches are content to put in longer hours than manufacturers dare demand of their agents, and for a mere living wage, in order that the Good News of a Spiritual Kingdom ruled by the God of Love may be made known to fear-bound folk. It's an amazing venture, this missionary cause!

That white-washed church on the hill-top is in charge of a native clergyman who lives close by. We call at his home. He is out. Away over the hills at one of the " branches." Each church has branches, and branches have " out-stations." This

native pastor is in charge of half a dozen branches and some fifty out-stations. Hence he is " not at home " most of the time.

And this church on the hill-top, with its growth of branches, etc., is one of a dozen such, ministered to by a single white missionary superintendent. Once a quarter he visits the native minister and representatives of the branches here at this church, preaches and assists at Communion service, discusses Church developments, looks over the books, inspires the clergyman and his lay-preachers to continued effort—and then he is off to attend to urgent matters in other sections of his field. He is generally in a hurry. His field is constantly increasing, making new demands upon him. Said a newspaper correspondent, after seeing something of the Church work of the missionary: " The mission field is no old-man's work to-day—no job for grey-beards, tired of life. The upward path to heaven is made of a motor-bicycle. The modern missionary has speed as well as healing in his wings." The old conception of the missionary as standing beneath an African palm preaching from an open Bible to a group of native heathen—that picture is no more. To-day each missionary is in fact, if not in name, a superintendent, a bishop, working through native clergy and lay-preachers. Only occasionally between conferences and travels does he grasp the chance, which most missionaries yearn for, to meet the raw heathen people face to face, to speak directly to them about the Good News.

As in the country work, so it is in the city work

of the missionary. Our colleague in Johannesburg, Dr Frederick B. Bridgman, with the Transvaal as his field, found conferences irksome at times; wanted that personal contact with needy folk which modern conditions make so impossible.

On an early Sunday morning, however, he makes time for this. He has a full day of meetings ahead of him, but we hear his motor-cycle being tuned up in his garage. We hurriedly pull on some clothes and jump into his side-car as he leaves for a distant compound on the Reef. A fast trip, speedometer around 40, and we enter the gate of one of the mighty compounds with which the Gold Reef is dotted. Here 4000 young men are dressing, washing, putting on their best attire for the day. Fifty Christian boys greet us at the gate and go with us into a central open place. A hymn is sung. More hymns follow. Then, two by two, these young fellows step to the front and give short testimonies; two each time, one speaking in Zulu and the other in the language of the natives of Portuguese East Africa. Then Dr Bridgman's prize attraction, a portable gramophone, is exposed, and the silence is great while the men listen. By the time for the sermon, there is a great crowd of black faces in front of the speaker. Dr Bridgman speaks in Zulu and is interpreted into two other languages by rapid-fire interpreters who know their job, following one another so quickly that both are often speaking at the same time. For twenty minutes the speaker presents the Gospel appeal to sober faces and awakening hearts.

Two or three dozen hands, upraised at the close, by those who "*keta uJesu*"—choose to follow the One about Whom they have been hearing. They will join a church class and, if they persist in their decision and do not fall-out during the long months of testing, will be duly received into the Christian Church. After the sermon, the gramophone again, a hymn, and we leave.

Another Sunday; another type of service. This time we leave after the noon meal for a group of mines where Dr Bridgman has a fine work. He has the backing of the mine authorities to such an extent that they have furnished a brick building for use as a church. The room is packed to the doors with Christian young men. Husky young fellows, with the joy of living the Christian way shining from their faces, they make the building resound with "glad noise." When they stand up to sing it makes the little and big thrills go hustling up and down your back. Their music is peculiar in that they usually split it up into solos and parts. For instance, a young fellow here starts a hymn in a small, high voice, like the cry of a lost lambkin on a lonely hillside. He goes on alone for some half-dozen measures when *Crash* the whole church comes in with a shout and carries on for a dozen measures more. Then the single voice takes up the strain, and again the thunderous response, and we listen and wish that every friend of ours might be present and get the inspiration of the moment.

As we sit facing these scores of young men, two or three random thoughts pass through our mind.

First of all, how many clergymen in white churches would be quite willing to have their churches packed, as this one is packed, with virile young men! How strategic is Johannesburg for reaching, and for good, the young men of the whole African sub-continent! These young men will return home at the end of their year of work at the mines. Many will go back to heathen villages in far corners of the land where, perhaps, a white man's face has never been seen. There the seed here sown will bear fruit—a little bush school started, a sod and grass church erected, and, behold, a Christian village! Again, the thought comes pressing in—How fortunate we are to be on the inside of this thing, to be allowed to lend a hand at transforming a people, to be one of the channels through which the Almighty works to bring His will to pass in this great dark continent! There's nothing else like it for satisfaction. My personal experience had been short, but varied: raised in my father's business; worker in a plumbing shop; assistant to prosperous lawyer; for two years secretary to the successful manager of a corporation. We had seen something of the satisfaction that these different businesses offer. But in comparison with the life-changing opportunity facing the Christian missionary, these other ways of spending a life were definitely second-rate. A dozen years of missionary service have only confirmed and made permanent this early conviction.

## CHAPTER III

### THE AFRICAN IN TRANSITION

"EVOLUTION! Progress! Has the world ever seen its like for sheer rapidity! This is civilization while you wait!"

So Mr Charles Dawbarn, correspondent of the London *Times*, wrote his newspaper after a year in South Africa. It was a true impression.

South Africa is in flux. All is ferment. In a generation the native people of this land are being compelled to bridge a gap which the white races have taken hundreds of years to cross.

A native heathen father is sitting in his grass hut in the country, living his life and fearing his fears as did his ancestors before him. You ask him where his son is. "In Johannesburg." To-day that son is in Johannesburg working as motor-driver, piloting a high-powered motor-car through the thick of city traffic. To-night this son will put on his correct evening clothes and spend the evening at one of the fashionable native night-clubs. To-morrow (Sunday) he may go to church, or he may listen attentively while the white agitator and his native assistants seek to arouse in him a spirit of revolt against the capitalist, the government, the missionary, and the white labour leader.

The old days of the Bantu are disappearing before our eyes. Like the "fade-out" on the moving picture screen, the old days are going, giving place to a new order. The rapid change is responsible for severe strains in every department of native life. At times it seems to the observer that the native people are headed straight for the rocks, and are going to crash. Again, rays of hope are seen. The future relationships of black and white are shrouded in mist. Few are brave enough to prophesy what is coming. "The race problem in South Africa is," as Mr Edwin W. Smith well states, "one of appalling complexity. A more difficult situation is not to be found anywhere in the world."

The magic lamp which has been rubbed to bring about the remarkable changes in native life, is a golden lamp, studded with diamonds. The diamond and gold mines, principally the latter, have required labour, cheap and lots of it, in order to make them pay dividends. The call has gone out through the land: "Black men, come to the cities and dig my mines for me." Reluctant has been the response. The native mother did not raise her son to be a worker. She trained hardy daughters to do the work. Men were made for warring and for hunting, for courting the girls and appearing at the tribunals of the chief.

But Government taxes appear, which have to be promptly paid. Also traders who sell goods that are simply irresistible alike to mankind and womankind. The trader is an adept in extending credit

based on ruinous usury rates, eventually compelling the unfortunate native man to go to the mines in desperation to seek relief from the quicksands of debt which threaten to suck him under. Other influences, prominent among which is the increasing difficulty of obtaining land due to white encroachment, account for a continuous supply of workers at the mines.

To-day 300,000 men are at work on the great Witwatersrand gold-fields at one time. Two-thirds of these descend to the bowels of the earth to drill and blast and lift the rock containing the yellow stuff which the white man puts such store by. The other one-third do the white man's heavy work in stores, shops, factories and homes in the great city of Johannesburg and ten subsidiary towns of the Witwatersrand. And not only in Johannesburg, but in other centres in South Africa: in Capetown, Bloemfontein, Durban, Port Elizabeth, East London, Pretoria, etc., other thousands of native men and women are lifting off the white man's shoulders his heavy burdens; and are, in their turn, being exposed to the virus of Western civilization. Railways, roads, and twisting native paths all lead finally to the white man's towns. Each centre of population is, in cold fact, a university where the black man or woman is receiving a liberal education in the Arts—all of them, good and bad—of civilized life. These Africans, right from the primeval grass huts, are being lock-stepped into civilization as the armies marched to Flanders fields. Willy-nilly they are hastening along! To-day we can yet pause

and inquire, Whither? and perhaps check or change their direction. To-morrow it will be too late. In Africa, as Professor Raymond L. Buell puts it, " the white man still has *carte blanche* to avoid the mistakes of the past committed in other parts of the world if he has the will and the intelligence to do so."

Let us fall into step with the changing Africans for a moment. How does this civilization of ours appeal to them? What are they saying?

We enter a hall. It is full of people. Packed with young men, a few women; windows closed; air vile! Every eye is glued to the platform where sit the speakers; fine, upstanding young fellows, trained in missionary schools, but having since faced the hard facts of life away from the mission station.

" Brothers," one speaker is saying, " let me recall to your minds what you all know, that before the white man came to Africa all this great country belonged to the black people. We were what the white man calls ' savages,' but we had a social system that worked well—I think even better than the system of the white man. You know that in our old tribal organization, material things—things to eat and wear—were held in a community of property. Each man and woman and child shared in the good things of life. If I had two bags of mealies and my neighbour had none I shared my mealies, as a matter of course.

" When the missionary came to our villages, he told us that we were doing right in this matter. He put his stamp of approval on that way of doing.

He said, ' That's the Christian way, too. Keep on in that fashion.'

" But," the speaker goes on, warming to his subject, " when we left the mission station and came to this big city, what did we find? Why, we found that the missionary didn't know what he was talking about! We learned that it is the custom for civilized men to grab all they can *for themselves* and hang on to it. The most successful man is he who grabs the most; cuts the throats of his competitors, and advances himself to the top. The white man in his home, it is true, lives as our fathers used to; he shares alike with members of his family, but when it comes to dealing with other people, even other white men in business, he cuts them down as our chiefs used to cut down other tribal chiefs when they were at war. The missionary didn't know all this when he taught us, or he deliberately lied to us, for he didn't equip us for success.

" We must give up this impractical Christianity if we wish to be successful in this white man's civilization. Christianity is only believed in by a few good, pious people like the missionary back in the country. But these keen white men who have castles for homes, fleets of motor-cars, who use whole valleys for golf courses—these people never go to church; don't have any time for the Christian God; in fact, they curse His Name as no native would dare curse his ancestral spirits."

Another speaker jumps to his feet and carries the argument further:

"We know that what the previous speaker said is true. What is this Christian religion, anyway? It's a white man's religion. It teaches us to follow the teaching of a white man, this Jesus Christ. They say the Devil is black. When we black people get a religion we're going to worship a black God, and when we paint the Devil we're going to paint him white, for all white men are devils." (Applause.)

Then he goes on to prove his last statement by enumerating the evils which he holds the fiendish white man has heaped upon the black man's back. There are the hateful, compulsory Pass Laws which require each black man to carry an assortment of papers on his person authorizing him to be on the street at any hour of the day or night; there are the awful conditions in the city slums where the black man is forced to pay extortionate rents for accommodation which the white man would not consider good enough for his beasts; there are the indignities inflicted at railway stations, on the trams, on the streets. There is the lack of land for natives —"Where are we to live?" There are the wide discrepancies in wages paid to white workers and black workers for the same work, wages on which no self-respecting native family can live. There is the distressing lack of recreational facilities. The ease with which natives find their way to prison is stressed—the scales seem to be weighted against them in cases of white versus black. There is the utter hypocrisy and cant in the liquor laws which grant to the white man unlimited rights to the use

of liquor and prohibit it to natives in towns. Then there is the daily, galling, contemptuous treatment of the white man—the countless cowardly insults of petty officials in the Pass Offices, ticket offices, by police constables, court orderlies, railway officials; by individual white hooligans on the streets. All this is covered by the succeeding speaker.

Applause, long and loud! Seething discontent! Deep-seated feelings that they are being exploited by the white man for his advantage; the conviction that they have *discovered* the white man, the Government, employers and missionaries. It's all one huge plan to exploit, to exterminate, to ruin the black man! The whites are all in league against the natives!

With reference to the organizers and leaders of meetings such as this, Professor D. D. T. Jabavu, a sane and wise leader of his people, remarks: "I do not blame these men, for the conditions that have called them into being are positively heart-rending and exasperating in all conscience. They poignantly feel the sting of the everlasting stigma of having to carry passes in time of peace in the land of their birth. They are landless, voteless, helots, pariahs, social outcasts in their fatherland, with no future in any path of life. Of all the blessings of this world, they see the white man has everything, they nothing."

All this is a point-blank indictment of the civilization in which the native South African finds himself. He discovers that the white man is interested in

him solely as a workman. Where he lives, what he eats, what his amusements are, what he does with his leisure time—these are matters of the utmost indifference to his white master. As a working animal the white man values the black man. But as a human being, he is something to be avoided—in fact, the farther away he is, the better.

Two important factors in the situation should be noted.

In the first place, the native worker seldom sees anything of the finer side of the life of the white man. He feels the white man's fists and hears his oaths when he fails to satisfy him. He knows the seamy side of life as he comes into contact with the crooks and illicit liquor sellers who are out to fleece him; and he lives in close proximity to the dregs of the white race who have little except their pride of colour to distinguish them from the scum of the black.

The second factor is the one which was forcibly demonstrated in war-time. It was then found that large groups of men gathered together in training-camps without the restraints of home hedging them about, are ideal breeding-places for immoral and vicious habits unless strenuous efforts are made to counteract them. Thanks to the efforts of the Young Men's Christian Association and kindred organizations who went at the problem in a business-like fashion, soldiers were provided with opportunities to keep clean and enjoy themselves in wholesome ways.

What shall we say, then, of a great centre like

Johannesburg, except that it is a great concentration camp where nearly half a million black men and boys are gathered together in one huge army of workers? And the further disturbing fact should complete the story: that there is practically nothing being done along uplifting social lines to counteract the downward pull of the customs of heathenism focused here, plus the attractive vicious habits of a civilization's underworld. With shocking speed the black man is accepting what he sees of the new life about him.

But the situation is not pitch black. There are broad-minded men and women resident in Johannesburg who are awake to the tremendous possibilities presented at this great centre for reaching the whole native people of South Africa, and for good. Religious societies have not been slow to realize that the Gold Reef offers a strategic place for the dissemination of religious truth. Missionaries are hard at work in the midst of this great mass of heathenism, leavening it with the Christian spirit and inculcating those principles which underlie true civilization and culture. But these men and women are fighting against overwhelming odds, and they are hardly holding their own to-day. They suffer because of the example of other non-Christian whites; they are divided among themselves; and they are preaching, for the most part, a message which has no strong social note, and thus is unattractive to a growing section of thinking Bantu leaders.

It cannot be that the strong young men of a

race are being gathered together for their despoliation and ruin. This Golden City may prove to be a golden casket wherein are buried the hopes of a virile race of earth's children. But the door is yet open, the opportunity is still presented for a real demonstration of the Spirit of Brotherhood about which we have heard much in recent days. Agencies with a Christian purpose have here an opportunity presented in no other corner of the world for vital, constructive work among a people who need everything they have to give.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE NEW TASK OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

One of South Africa's most distinguished men, an author and student of race matters, whose books on the race problems of South Africa and America are some of the best we have, said to me soon after we arrived in this country: "When you want help for the black man, don't go to the white churches. I have never received any encouragement from church people." The only organization interested in native welfare at that time in his Natal Province was formed by him and was composed of business and professional men, and one or two missionaries with a social vision.

When we reached our Johannesburg home and began to get acquainted with pastors and people in some of the large city churches, we found that there was truth in what this gentleman had said. But we came to feel that the cause was not so much a reasoned anti-native policy as simply plain ignorance and resulting indifference. The church people and their leaders simply didn't know of the fiery meetings being held by aggrieved native leaders and communistic agitators among the native people. Their only experience with the Bantu people had been with their kitchen servants, "Jim" and "Martha,"

and they had concluded that the whole race was just as humble and patient as these placid workers. There was a great gulf between the thinking, disillusioned, embittered element among the natives, and the indifferent, unsuspecting white group.

Among the whites we found the exact counterpart of some of the clergy in the southern States of America. While on furlough in America I asked a clergyman in one of the big southern cities: "What are the Negro people in your 'black town' thinking? Are they contented and happy? What kind of opportunity have they for decent living?" He answered: "Well, really, I don't know anything about it. We seldom talk to any of the niggers, you know. They seem to be a happy-go-lucky crowd."

We did find, however, individual Church leaders who were alive on the subject; who were not afraid to mention the black man "right out in meetin'." And, happily, their numbers are to-day increasing rapidly. The Anglican Bishops of Johannesburg, Bloemfontein and Pretoria are outspoken. Dean Palmer of Johannesburg is especially insistent on the application of Christian justice and mercy to the black man. Other clergy are doing something to make the white people know that the Church has something to say about these race problems. The Dutch Reformed Church, through a few of its leaders, has called two conferences to discuss native affairs and frame resolutions. All this is of value.

But when all this is acknowledged, it must be confessed that the white Christian Church has

failed to exert itself as it might have done to protect the interests of the weak native peoples. There is even to-day no united voice of protest rising from the white churches of the land when discriminative legislation is being framed, or when unbalanced judgments are given in the courts of justice against a black man because he is black. There is no sensitive Christian conscience operating where the welfare of the black man is concerned.

Now, this attitude of inaction and indifference in the face of the major social ills which the Bantu are suffering is not limited to clergy and lay-folk in the white churches. It is discoverable among missionary workers as well—those who are close to the native people, familiar with their conditions. Here, however, the cause can, I think, be traced to the door of an antiquated theological viewpoint; the older evangelical position which stresses individual salvation exclusively, and ignores the social application of the Christian Gospel. It says: " The soul of a man is all that matters. Save that and you save all. Our business is to preach the Gospel to individuals, to save them from their sins, to make them Sons of God. You can't save men's souls by giving them more food or a good home."

This position is sound, so far as it goes. And it was adequate when individuals were masters of their own environment and could change their conditions to accord with the demands of " the new man " born within them.

But this traditional theology is inadequate to create Sons of God and develop fine, high-Christian

character in men who are bound by conditions over which they have little or no control. Christian leaders are simply not doing their job when they rest content with preaching to people who are forced by reason of an unchristian environment to live below the subsistence level; whose wages are insufficient for decent living; whose home is a reeking slum yard; whose only recreation ground is a liquor den. And the African natives are beginning to sense the inadequacy of the theological view of some missionaries to meet their present clamant needs.

Let us attend a meeting of natives held on the Market Square, Johannesburg. Perhaps a thousand native men are present. They are being addressed by a young native man who speaks perfect English. He voices the wrongs of his race. He attacks the employers and the Government, mentions the low wages and the Colour Bar in industry. Then he pours scorn on the missionary and the clergyman—white and black.

"Comrades," he cries, "we must kick out the missionary and the clergyman. I know because my father is a —— clergyman. I know what I am talking about. What is the missionary doing for us? Nothing. He educates us and then leaves us alone to starve. He points us to the sky and tells us, 'By and by, after you're dead, you'll have enough to eat and fine clothes to wear!' That's not good enough for us! We want food to eat and clothes to wear to-day! Am I right?"

Back comes a thunderous response, " Right you are! "

" Then kick out the missionary and the missionary's God. They have never done anything for us. While the missionary was preaching to our fathers and their eyes were turned to heaven, other white men came along and stole our land. Join the Communist Party, which is the only organization interested in our rights. Join the Party which is out to smash the rich men who are crushing us, and which will bring you higher wages and decent places in which to live."

The meeting dissolves and a few join up. But the seed of discontent, already dormant in the hearts of the listeners, has been watered, albeit with vinegar, and the fruit will be a rank growth.

We pass on to another meeting, this time a white speaker. " Are you happy? " he asks his audience. " Have you got all the freedom you want? "

The answer comes, " No, we are not happy! "

" Well," says the speaker, " if you will do what the Russian workers have done, and what the Chinese workers are doing, you will be able to secure freedom. We have got to be prepared, not merely with demonstrations, but also . . . if it proves to be necessary—with far more drastic action. Build up your organizations so as to take possession of this country."

Still another meeting—this time mine-workers from the kraals with their blankets tight around them. A white man is speaking again. He points

to the horizon where the mine offices tower to the sky; and he asks, " Whose buildings are those? "

Someone answers, " Oh, those are the white man's buildings."

" Who put up those buildings? "

" The white man."

" Who gave the white man the money to put up those buildings? Who did the work so that he could put them up? Who went underground, drilled the rock, worked the machines, did all the back-breaking carrying, in order that the white man might get the gold to put up those buildings? "

The eyes of the listeners brighten, " Why, we did the work; we gave the white man the money, didn't we? "

" Then," says the white spokesman, " those are your buildings, aren't they? Why do you allow the white man to sit around in those buildings? They are *yours;* why don't you go and take them? Why don't you sit in the fine chairs? Smoke the big cigars? They are yours! Help yourselves! "

Now all this sort of appeal meets with a sympathetic response from a large number of native workers. They are in the grip of conditions which they do not understand and cannot control. Here is somebody who seems to understand and who promises relief. Their feeling is crystallized that they are being exploited by these people who drive motor-cars and live in fine houses. The people who were their friends in the country and whom they hear preaching in the large native churches in the city and in the compound—these clergymen

never say anything about wages and housing conditions and clothes. They talk about a God who is a God of Love—who loves even black men; and yet—the doubt creeps in—*wouldn't a God who loved them as much as the missionary says He does, be interested in food and drink and a place to live in that was decent?* This God of the missionary provides you with good things after you are dead. That is good. But in the meantime, how can a working man support himself and raise a family decently on £3, 10s. or £4 per month, in the city, or educate his children on the 30s. per month which he gets on a farm? These economic needs are pressing and urgent. And eternity is a long way off. Is it to be wondered at that a good number of thinking native men are pausing to consider whether this God of the Christians might not better be "kicked out?"

Now this attitude is not limited entirely to native workers who find themselves face to face with impossible economic conditions. Some of our ablest and most respected native leaders are being forced to call the attention of their Christian white friends to increasingly large areas of need crying out for the application of the principles of Jesus Christ. They cannot understand the inactivity and in many cases the actual indifference on the part of their spiritual leaders toward the major ills which they face.

"It is very crushing," writes one of our Natal native Christian leaders, "to have to view our Christian religion as static when the life of our

A CHURCH ON THE GOLD REEF.

(*Chapter IV.*)

PAINTING BY A COLOURED ARTIST ON THE WALL OF THE WORKERS' HALL (I.C.U.) AT JOHANNESBURG

(*Chapters V and VI.*)

people is undergoing such rapid changes." He speaks of the degeneracy of his people, and says, "Destruction will always result in the absence of competent steering. For this steering we rightly look to the Church, but we regret that much of the attitude of our Church is hide-bound, shaped by the traditional past." He closes his cry with the appeal, "Oh, for workers well trained to cope with these conditions, to make our Christian religion organic to the vital needs of the present day, and thus keep Christianity in its rightful place of being the greatest blessing to mankind!"

Is this man right or not in looking to the Christian Church for guidance in these matters? Have we been blind in failing to see the places where the teachings of Jesus Christ should have been applied to the changing social and economic needs of the Bantu? Is there anything in the scathing criticism of Professor Jabavu that in these respects "professors of Christianity have dismally failed to live up to the standard commanded by their Master?" Or, in the more general indictment of Dr James Henderson, Principal of Lovedale, that "our country has the unenviable distinction among mission fields of the world that it hardly at all associates and accompanies the healing of the body with the healing of the soul?" Does not the statement drawn up at the International Missionary Conference at Jerusalem only last year aim straight at the Christian Church in South Africa? "There are already signs," says the report, "of the dangers and evils which follow upon any blindness or

slothfulness on the part of the Christian Church in regard to these social developments. They are, in brief, the loss of moral leadership and the incurring of moral contempt by the Church, and the resorting of ardent and desperate men to other principles of action, born of violence and fear."

These statements should inspire serious thought. Shall the next few years witness the wholesale desertion of the Church in South Africa by the native people? Shall they be forced to join the Communists or similar organization to find that understanding of their great human needs, that practice of brotherhood, which they have heard so much of and seen so little practical evidence of in the Christian Church? If this occurs, a suitable epitaph to be placed over the grave of the institution which called itself the Christian Church might be the condemning words of Jesus—"They *said*, but *did not*."

This thing should burn itself into the consciences of Christian people everywhere. We are facing an increasingly serious situation in South Africa. We are grappling with a complication of those diseases which are causing concern to the Church of Christ throughout the world. We are not, of course, alone in facing the necessity for applying our Gospel to a rapidly changing order. But it has come upon us so quickly that we are caught unawares.

The doubt, however, will not easily be laid—Has the Christian Church any right to lead in these matters? Is not its mission finished when it

has preached the Gospel? Has Christianity anything to say in answer to the swaggering, sweeping claims of Communism?

The meeting of the International Missionary Council at Jerusalem considered these questions, and the report of that Conference is a triumphant assertion that the Gospel has a great deal to say which must be said on these social and economic questions. The report is prefaced by the statement that the Gospel of Jesus Christ contains a message " for the world of social organizations and economic relations in which individuals live."

" The Christian," it continues, " will regard material wealth as an instrument, not as an end. . . . He will desire that economic interests shall not be the master, but the servant of civilization. . . . He will judge different forms of economic activity, not merely by their success in increasing riches but by the degree to which they foster a Christian character and way of life among all members of the human family."

Christian people in South Africa, and all who are interested in the progress of the Kingdom of God in the world, seem to have an obligation here which will set us all in motion when we realize exactly what it is. A leading member of this Jerusalem Conference, Mr H. A. Grimshaw, was in South Africa recently. He outlined what that obligation is. He said: " The part to be played by the Christian churches, and in particular by those which work in the missionary fields, is to me simple, and their duty clear. They must insist upon the

adoption of the policy which places first the interest of these people, their present well-being, and their resources, either in national wealth or in labour, as the means to that first end, to be used primarily for that end." We must insist as Christians that the interests of the native people must be put first; that their welfare must take precedence over profits and dividends.

While Mr Grimshaw was in South Africa he visited our city slums. He was shocked into silence after visiting our sore spots in Johannesburg. "They're absolutely the worst in the world," he said, "not excepting even the awful 'Hell's Hole' in Bombay." He was later told by native leaders of their disabilities on the land; injustice in the courts; the hateful pass laws; distressing low wages; lack of recreational facilities; the ease with which natives find their way to prison—Mr Grimshaw was told the whole sordid story. He asked what the Christian churches were doing about it—was shown the Bantu Men's Social Centre, and his heart rejoiced—was shown other social service measures instituted by two or three church groups. These he pronounced good. But was there no National Christian organization to study and report on these native ills, and then organize for action? The nearest thing, he was told, was an organization, the General Missionary Conference, which met every three years, but had no paid secretariat and hence lacked initiative and continuity. This was not good enough.

Christian people must get into this thing in a

business-like, thorough-going fashion. We are facing an industrial system which is governed largely by pagan principles. Is the Christian Church to stand calmly by while the native people, right from one heathenism, are transformed into more heathen materialists? If we are going to save even a remnant of these people for the Kingdom of Righteousness, we must be prepared to show them that we are fighting, to the last ounce of our energy, the non-Christian elements in our own civilization. Only by so doing can we convince the Bantu that our preaching of the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man is anything but stark hypocrisy.

But let us be clear that this does not mean discarding the objective of those sturdy pioneers of the faith who first brought the Gospel to Africa. Their objective, that of bringing the African into personal Sonship with the Father, must be ours. Individual salvation is the root and foundation of our religion. We must continue to preach the gospel of complete self-surrender, of rebirth, and consecration to God's will. We must never relax our appeal to the souls of individual men and women.

But the old belief, that the conversion of the individual marked the beginning and the end of the churches' responsibility, must be broadened to meet conditions the complexity of which the missionary pioneers never even dreamed. To-day our ideal must be not merely "Transformed men and women" but also "A transformed world for

transformed men." We must make our civilization safe for the Bantu race.

Much has been said in recent days in condemnation of the use of fear for making men better. Be that as it may, Christian leaders in Africa are being forced by fear to-day to be bigger and better teachers of the Gospel. The fear is not that a Red Communism shall triumph, but that while we are concentrating all our efforts in the attempt to lead individuals up to the mountain-top of personal religious experience, the great mass of native people shall be taught to worship the Golden Calf of Materialism.

What is there to do?

First of all, we who are followers of Jesus Christ must get together as quickly as possible. We must finish the task which should have been attended to long ago, that of becoming brotherly and working together as brothers. If organic Church unity between the Christian churches is an urgent necessity in South India—and we are told it is—how equally necessary is it in South Africa! We must pray and work for the speedy union of all our Christian forces. A keen missionary of another society, with whom I was travelling in the country the other day, said to me: "Our task is simply hopeless in this country unless we get together, and soon!" The scores of sects at work on the Gold Reef and everywhere; the ubiquitous clusters of small tin churches; the medley of sounds from bells, horns and barrel hoops on a Sunday morning from crowds of competing

churches in locations and compounds; the overlapping and constant wastage of effort by supervisors—this sort of thing is a scandal and disgrace which would be ludicrous were it not a high crime against Almighty God!

Call a native South African to you on the Reef and ask him, "Are you a Christian?"

"Yes."

"To what Church do you belong?"

"I'm a Swedish Lutheran."

Call another, "What are you?"

"I'm a Swiss Mission."

Others come up—"What are you—and you—and you?"

"I'm a Berlin Mission," "a Dutch Reformed," "an American," "a Norwegian Lutheran," "a Wesleyan," "I'm a Nazarene," "an Apostolic," "a Free Church of Scotland," "member of the *Church* (Anglican)," "I'm a Brethren."

One fellow finds it hard to say what he is, but he knows he belongs to a Christian church. You go with him to his compound room. Above his bed is a painted board, "The Holy Apostolik Church in Zion *Up to Date!*" Wait a few minutes and meet the "Archbishop," another native who has graduated from work in the compound, has obtained a collar from somewhere, put it on back-front, and—"How do you do, Archbishop!"

Now all of us, with our senseless, age-hoary divisions, have encouraged and abetted this sort of sacrilegious tomfoolery. The natives have learned our technique, and are following it to its logical

conclusions. At least one hundred separate and distinct religious sects are at work on the Witwatersrand. Let us hasten to repent of our sins, inform our church organizations of what is occurring, and while those who like that sort of thing work out a common credal basis for union which will satisfy the timorous, let those who are willing to put the Kingdom of God above their own "ism" get together shoulder to shoulder, recognize that this Christian task in South Africa is *one job;* organize a National Christian Council, or call it by any other name; perfect a permanent live organization, and set to work.

The Transvaal Missionary Association recently occupied an advanced position here with reference to united effort between religious bodies at work on the Witwatersrand. The formation of "A General Committee for Native Welfare" has been approved. This General Committee is founded on the acceptance of the working basis that "The Christian Programme of Service to the Natives of the Witwatersrand is One Piece of Work," and that so far as meeting the Social, Educational, Physical, Medical, and Economic needs of the natives, workers are "to consider themselves as members of One Team—to plan their programme as *One*, each fulfilling a part determined in the light of the Whole Need of the Reef, accepting a generalship which plans with the whole reef in view."

It is planned that this General Committee will absorb certain existing committees on Night Schools,

Libraries, etc.; and will co-ordinate the work of some nine bodies now heading up such activities as Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Sports Clubs, Social Centres, Girls' Hostels, Health, etc. The Committee will be composed of representatives from a dozen different bodies now in existence, and will receive reports, or oversee the work, of some twenty different projects in which missionaries and church people are interested. The underlying purpose of this projected General Committee is threefold: (1) To extend Christian services to a vast unreached group; (2) To better utilize available forces; and (3) Ultimate Christian unity all along the line, in every field.

Men and women of good will can make such a scheme of co-operation work. And working together in these spheres of Christian service with like-minded men and women of other church groups will inevitably lead to the desire and the will to get yet closer together. *Siyeza!* There are signs of progress, even here, in South Africa!

Secondly, we must get a grip on the facts of the case. What should we know that we do not know? What social and economic factors make it impossible for the native people to live the kind of lives that Sons of God should live? What elements do we find in towns that make for degeneracy? What do natives do with their leisure time? Is it true that native people in country districts sell less produce and buy less food than they did fifty years ago?

These and a score of similar questions must be

answered. We must know the facts. And we must create agencies for collecting these facts.

With the facts available, their use will call for courage, persistence and sacrifice. Many lines of activity will have to be instituted; policies laid down for united endeavour. The Christian Church must formulate its attitude on the land question; toward native industrial and agricultural organizations. Clergymen in European countries have led in organizing co-operative societies among farmers for the purpose of conserving their resources and marketing their crops. Why not in South Africa among the native people?

The whole great problem of moralizing the leisure time of natives in city and country alike will call out for action when we know the facts. The Church must create Playground Associations, Recreational Agencies, extend Guiding and Scouting activities—must move to capture the leisure time of millions.

The Church, united, will consider ways and means for injecting the spirit of the Gospel into all those human relationships which are moulding and shaping the new Bantu Society.

As the Christian leaders of the world sat together on the Mount of Olives in that great conference, the question was asked: "How far will the churches proceed on these lines which are so necessary to-day?" The answer came back: "Far, far, indeed, if the Spirit of the Mount of Olives can be maintained." Far, indeed, if the Spirit of the Master who went about doing good, ministering

to broken bodies as well as needy souls, can be injected into all these human relationships.

The Kingdom of Heaven will come appreciably nearer realization in this corner of the world when men and women and little children, not of one race, but of all races, are given free and adequate opportunity to live abundantly, in every sphere of life, during every hour of the day, at work and at play as well as when worshipping their Creator.

And the Christian Church will measure up to this tremendous present-day challenge to service in Africa only when it unitedly embarks upon this larger task of capturing the whole African—the whole man and all his activities, bringing them all under the domain and rule of our common Lord and Master.

## CHAPTER V

### CHRISTIANITY AND BANTU ECONOMICS

JESUS CHRIST said to the five thousand whom He had been addressing: "You have just heard the finest sermon ever preached. I have lifted you to the mountain-top of Christian experience. My work is done. I hear you are hungry, but you cannot expect me to do anything for you. My business is not the earthly business of looking after your physical needs. I'm a preacher of high spiritual truth. Never mind about your stomachs. Let your minds dwell on the things of eternal value."

Did He say this? Not at all. These hungry people before Him called out His great compassion, and He invoked the very powers of Heaven above to satisfy their bodily needs.

Jesus didn't distinguish between human needs. The body-hunger as well as soul-hunger of Palestine folk, both claimed His serious attention; aroused Him to activity.

Can a man be a good Christian on an empty stomach? I don't know. I suppose it is possible in certain cases, but I have never put it to a thorough test myself.

What I am dead sure of, however, is that no one can be a Christian worth mentioning who is com-

fortable and happy while his brother has an empty stomach—is working for wages insufficient to support him and his family, is badly in debt, and whose whole financial condition is unsound.

I am equally positive that we can expect no general and hearty response to the Christian appeal to high spiritual endeavour among a people who are living in a chronically insolvent state, economically. Man is one—a unit. His body, mind and soul are bound together so vitally that no one has, as yet, been able to separate them out into different containers. Jesus' teaching regarding abundant "life" meant better, higher, living for man—the whole man.

And I am equally positive that the leaders at the Jerusalem Conference, mentioned before, had hold of the right end of the stick when they declared: "The task of the Christian Church . . . is both to carry the message of Christ to the individual soul, and to create a Christian civilization within which all human beings can grow to their full spiritual stature. It is its duty, both by word and action, to lend its support to all forces which bring nearer the establishment of Christ's Kingdom in the world of social relations, of industrial organization, and of economic life."

Well, how does it go with our South African native people? Are they warmed and filled, and living under conditions which make possible the development of a "full spiritual stature"?

There are two wardrobes in which most of the economic disabilities of the native people may be

hung: those of *Wages* and *Land*. It would, perhaps, be more exact to say that these are doors to the same wardrobe.

The wage situation is what an observer would expect to find where an enterprising, pushful, profit-making employing group is dealing with a mass of employed which is almost totally disorganized; denied, if they do organize, the right to strike; and the breaking of whose labour contracts with the employer is deemed a criminal offence.

Wages for the natives in towns are below the subsistence level for those who have families to support. More than 300,000 detribalized natives are living permanently in towns to-day. These constitute a permanent urban population. The average monthly wage for the heads of families in our Johannesburg native locations or villages is £4, 2s. 6d. Deduct the following amounts: £1, 5s. for rent; for transportation, 10s.; medical, church and school fees, 7s. 6d.; fuel, lighting and taxes, 10s.; and you have a mere 30s. left for food, clothing, shoes, recreation, furniture, etc., for a whole family, and for a month! And these native families have to pay exactly the same for their food, etc., as do whites.

It's impossible, you say. Right! It is impossible. The mother is forced to wash daily to eke out the family income of £6, 10s. to £7, 10s. which is a minimum necessity (figures furnished by two responsible investigating bodies, one being the Johannesburg Joint Council of Europeans and

Natives, the other a conference of native and white organizations). Or, the mother may find it easier to become a brewer, and make liquid poison in the form of *Skokiana*, *Shimiyana*, "Kill-me-quick," "*Qed'iviki*" (finish the week)—deadly concoctions that are readily disposed of to young single men who visit the locations and slum yards, or who reside with these families as lodgers. Low wages are responsible for a large part of our illicit liquor traffic and vice in city and town.

It is the tendency in South Africa to exact labour according to European standards, but pay wages on an African standard. Natives are paid only one-third to one-sixth of the wages that are paid whites for the same class of work. Referring to this difference between white and black wages, the Chairman of the Wage Board has stated: "In no other country in the world is there such a big gap."

Just what is the average native wage for South Africa?

Dr A. W. Roberts of the Native Affairs Commission has stated that the numbers of natives employed by Europeans is 1,200,000. "After careful investigation," he says, "I found that employment brought to the natives about £16,000,000 in wages in one year. That means, he obtains approximately £16 per year, and that is an over-estimate." Eliminating the mine workers (200,000 earning £8,000,000 or £40 apiece), the remaining 1,000,000 workers are reduced to the very low average of £8 per person per annum. Thirteen shillings and four pence per month each for a million workers!

Caution should be observed in the use of these figures. They refer to cash wages. Native workers on farms obtain land and food and payments in kind which are not included in the above estimates. But when all these factors are considered the results are still amazing even to those conversant with South African conditions.

We excuse ourselves by explaining that the natives' wants are few. They can live on much less than the white folks. A pertinent question in this connection is raised, however, by Mr H. A. Grimshaw, Chief of the Native Labour section of the International Labour Bureau of the League of Nations. He asks: "Is it not true that his (the African's) *needs* in the way of education, sanitation and everything that he must have if he is to progress in civilization, are enormous—and that the wealth which might provide these goes not to him but elsewhere?"

More honest thinking seems to be needed on this question, and also on the related question of land. Thousands of natives are annually migrating to the towns and cities from the country, there to become permanent urban dwellers. Some of these are, doubtless, attracted by the bright lights; the gay life. But many are moving cityward because there is no place for them in the country or because they will not accept the servile or semi-servile conditions of life on a white man's farm. Country locations and reserves are becoming impossibly crowded. And there is no future for a native man and his family on a European farm even when they

can find a farm which will allow them to squat. Ninety days' labour per annum is the sole consideration on which such farm-residence is possible for the native.

"Why doesn't the law allow me to give the native a piece of land which he can farm on shares?" asked a prosperous white farmer of me the other day. "I can't allow him to rent a piece of ground from me, nor make what he can on the share basis. Unfair to the native and to the farmer, too, I call it!"

A native man is speaking to a group of his people: "Why are the native people, who number three-fourths of the population of South Africa, given only one-thirteenth of the land? This is our country, why are we pushed off our land and made wanderers on the face of the earth? When the white man first came to South Africa he had the Bible and we had the land; now we've got the Bible and he's got all our land!" What an indictment of our so-called Christian civilization!

One of the few men who have taken the time and energy to look carefully into the native economic situation in this country, Dr James Henderson, Principal of Lovedale, reports that conditions are incomparably worse than they were fifty years ago. In his district the native people have lost half the power of purchasing other than the barest necessities of existence which they possessed in the year 1875. He closes his report by saying, "The situation is serious, and there are some who fear it is passing out of control." It appears that for the mass of the

people, South Africa is getting poorer and poorer, in spite of increased output of mines and factories and farms.

Thousands of native people in the country districts are chronically in debt: to traders, to sugar-cane planters, to farmers. Debt is a dead weight which is bowing the shoulders of a vast army of black folk. It is ridiculously easy for a native family to run into debt to the white or Indian trader in their district. The inflated prices traders can charge for articles sold on credit leads them to gamble on it. When called upon to pay, the native men and boys are forced to leave for work at the mines; if there are no men folk of workable age in the family the natives' stock and possessions are sold to satisfy the debt. "Families are impoverished, homes broken up, and members scattered to wander here, there and everywhere."

An additional factor bearing on this question, and one which has created a goodly share of the present discontent among the native people, is the so-called Colour Bar Act, which was passed a few years ago by the Union Parliament. Under this Act the Government may make rules that no native may be employed in connection with machinery in mines or works. This seems to the natives most unjust—to debar them from industrial progress on colour lines alone.

"You have taught us to labour," they cry. "You forced us to leave our homes where we had enough to eat and come to your towns. You have made us dependent on you, because you took us

away from our gardens at the times they should have been ploughed, and made us do the work in your cities. Many of us have brought our families with us to the towns. We are towns-people. And now—now that we have learned to do your kind of work—you say to us, ' This work is closed to you, go back home! Only white men can do this work!' Where shall we go? We have no homes in the country. What shall we do? "

It is an evening meeting in Johannesburg. A Labour Member of Parliament has been asked to speak to the native leaders on this question of the " Colour Bar." He frankly states the position as he sees it.

" I want to state quite candidly," he says, " that we don't defend the Colour Bar on moral grounds. We know it is not a just piece of legislation. Those of us who are skilled white workers would scorn to hide behind a Colour Bar Act. A minimum wage in industry is all we want.

" But," he goes on, " you must remember that we have thousands of white people in this country—variously estimated at from one-tenth to one-fourteenth of the white population—who are unskilled; who don't know how to do work any more complicated than can be done by heathen ' Jim ' right from the country. These poor-white people look to us law-makers for protection. They demand that we give them work at a wage sufficient to enable them to live decently as white men. We legislators are going to pass this Bill as a matter of practical politics, because these ' poor whites '

have the vote and can oust us from office if we don't protect them."

Since this Act was written into the laws of the land, some four years ago, no use has been made of it; the regulations to enforce it have not yet been promulgated. But there are threats that the Act will be applied, and the fact that it is law has given a definite lead to anti-native minded bodies and individuals. And to the natives it is an ever-present fear. The resentment of the native people is at a dangerously high tension. Legislation of this nature breeds revolt. It might be well to ponder a recent statement by Charles M. Schwab, the keen President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation of the United States. "Revolutions," says he, "are bred by keeping down the masses of the people, by subjecting them to unfair laws, by stunting their ambitions, by keeping them in poverty."

The basic question in this discussion of the economic status of the native is the one which was ably put by Mr R. H. Tawney recently. He was dealing with Africa and the Far East when he said: "The question whether the world outside Europe will travel the European economic road between dazzling material progress on the one hand, and squalor and class hatred on the other, or whether it will learn, as Europe has not yet learned, not only to conquer nature, but to be the master of its own soul, seems to me to be among two or three of the most vital issues with which the next generation is faced."

Certainly the question of the economic position

of the native in South Africa must be settled soon and settled right. Mr Tawney reminds us that Christian people must have a share in solving it. "This is a religious question," he says, "because it is concerned with the conditions of spiritual growth and vitality, with the ethical relations between the individual and his fellows; with the conduct of human beings in society and the reactions of the social order upon the moral health of human beings.

"There is nothing," he continues, "that men are suffering in the East or Africa to-day, that they have not undergone in one part of Europe or another at some time during the last five hundred years of its tragic history. The toxins which industrial society secretes are known; the remedies for many of them are known also. Christians cannot escape a moral responsibility for seeing that they are applied."

But is there anything being done to-day to alleviate some of the distressing aspects of this problem?

There is something being attempted to remove some of the jagged rocks which now guard the land of economic well-being. The native industrial barque seeking refuge, is tossing to and fro in the sea of uncertainty outside. The outline of a breakwater is appearing, engineered by a few men of goodwill. But this work must be greatly strengthened, more obstacles removed, before a safe haven is provided for the anxious, inexperienced mariners who are beginning to wonder if the only way to

reach the land is to leap overboard into the seething breakers of revolution.

A month ago the writer was motoring with friends through Pondoland, one of the native territories. The rains had come and the country was what someone well described it as being "a piece of crumpled green velvet." In the fertile valleys were the huts of the native people; next the river banks the gardens of last year. Lean, undersized cattle we saw everywhere. Where were the ploughed fields? We looked everywhere—saw none. European farmers had already ploughed and planted. We asked the natives what it meant?

"Well, you see," they answered, "our cattle are weak. They have had little to eat for a long time. Now they must fatten on the new grass before we can plough."

We motored on to Umtata and Butterworth, still in native territory. What a difference here! Everywhere were freshly ploughed fields—expansive fields—with the green shoots of the new crop already showing above the surface.

We guessed the reason for this refreshing difference even before we were told. The magic words are "Tsolo" and "Teko"—Government Agricultural Schools where modern methods of farming are being taught. We later visited a new school at Fort Cox in the Ciskei.

"We are slowly learning the foolishness of overstocking our small farms with scrub cattle," said Councillor Lavisa, a native leader of Butterworth and member of the Transkeian General Council.

" We are beginning to see the great riches that lie at our feet in the land. My son has graduated from Tsolo. I wish you could see his farm——!" And he described the fine things his son was doing on his farm.

This is a tremendously valuable contribution on the part of the Government. Similarly, on a smaller scale, agricultural training is being given in schools under missionary control. No student graduates from our better teacher training institutions without some grounding at least in the science of farming.

Such education should be encouraged and specialized schools provided in scores of centres. This is one logical way out; to encourage the native people to make better use of the land that they have.

Another way—

A meeting in a native territory is being addressed by Father Bernard Huss, Principal of Mariannhill Training Institute in Natal. Father Bernard is explaining in simple terms just how these native people can go about it to organize a " People's Bank " in their district. Eager questions reveal the intense interest his listeners find in this subject of co-operation for mutual improvement.

" We are going away from this meeting as better men," they say, as the meeting breaks up. They have decided to embark on a small co-operative enterprise.

In a score of places People's Banks have been formed. A small amount of capital is subscribed

and deposited in a bank, interest at four per cent. being paid on deposits. Loans from the fund are made to responsible individuals at six per cent. interest. The margin of two per cent. builds up a reserve fund. Money loaned is used for buying new apparatus—new ploughs, tractors, etc.

Several thousands of pounds have been saved by these groups in the last two or three years. One bank built up a reserve of £50 in the first year and bought a safe. It now has deposits of £500 circulating among the people. Loans are paid back punctually with interest.

We talked with a member of a bank. His eyes shone as he told us of their progress. "We started with six members, now we have twenty. We are learning by doing. These banks are a great school for us. In the old days it was contrary to our customs to hoard or to save. It is all new to us. But now our people are learning how to handle money."

"In my addresses," says Father Bernard, "I often show the natives the vast wealth they possess. I compare their National wealth with a huge rain-water tank. In carefully watching this tank for thirty-three years I found it riddled with holes and untold wealth running away. The leakage is universal and continual, and even the poorest natives can still manage to waste the little they have. Co-operative societies have begun to open their eyes so that they first see these holes, and then learn to stop them. . . . The People's Banks prove to be People's Schools in which they will

learn to solve their future economic problems, especially that of co-operative marketing."

Some years ago Professor D. D. T. Jabavu organized the Farmer's Association movement. Now there are over thirty of these associations under the Presidency of Chief Victor Poto of Libodi. These organizations are an educational force of great value. Meetings are held regularly to discuss questions of interest to native farmers, especially along economic lines.

Training Schools for natives are grappling with the question of Home Industries. Many schools have departments in carpentry, basketry and the like. How to help the native people, especially those without land, to full economic independence, is a difficult question. An interesting proposal is being made by a group of Eastern Province business men who feel that " while all possible steps should be taken to guide the natives to better methods of agriculture and stock raising, so as to make the most of the land, this is not enough. A growing multitude are landless, and for these other occupations must be found." They put forward the suggestion that home and village industries such as are carried on in Nigeria and Morocco and in the East might be started, adapting them to South African conditions. Spinning and weaving, wool rug-making, fine leather work, and pottery promise results. An appeal to South Africans to support this venture has been made. The progress of this undertaking will be watched with interest.

# CHAPTER VI

## CHRISTIANITY AND BANTU ECONOMICS— THE FUTURE

WHAT of the future of the native in industry and on the land? Certainly the avenues along which the native people are being led to-day to make better use of what they already have in the way of land and money must be extended.

But these lines of endeavour have their limits. It is of little practical use to teach people how to save money who are not earning enough to enable them to purchase the barest necessities of life; to teach handicrafts to native students who are debarred from using their skill in the industrial field. The scope of economic activity for natives must be enlarged.

Further opportunities should be extended to the natives to cater to the needs of their own people. An excellent beginning has been made by those towns which have reserved for natives the trading rights in their native locations. In Reef locations very respectable shops are being conducted by native proprietors and business done on approved lines.

Encouragement should be given to organizations for natives on trade union lines. Elementary trade

unions have been in existence for ten years. A fight is now on for the control of these movements. A few Communists are quite openly directing propaganda from Moscow; employing native agents to assist them; in spreading the seeds of revolt among the black proletariat. To assist the I.C.U. (Industrial and Commercial Workers Union), a purely native labour organization of a legitimate character, the Independent Labour Party of Great Britain has loaned to South Africa an adviser in the person of Mr W. G. Ballinger to co-operate with those native leaders who have seen the need for such organization, but whose efforts have resulted merely in the enrolling of a membership in one great heterogeneous union, unwieldy and cumbersome. Reorganization after the craft union pattern gives promise of better results. Only time will tell whether the legitimate trade union or revolutionary Communists will succeed in capturing the allegiance of these emerging workers. Certain it is that the discouragement and suppression of unions patterned after the approved white standard will throw the workers into the eager arms of the Moscow emissaries. This must not happen.

More land for native occupation is a crying need. A committee of experts on economics, members of the Economic and Wage Commission of 1925, considered this and other questions. "Additional reserves," they reported, "are the first essential towards a reasonable solution of the problems raised by the contact of native with European civilization." This brings up the thorny question

of *Where* and *How*—Where to find more land, and How are the natives to be located on it ?

This is not the place to go into the whole subject of land, or the much mooted solution presented by compulsory segregation.

By segregation is meant some form of separation of black from white. If the natives can be located in definite areas, for instance, where they can be made to stay, it may be possible to keep South Africa for ever a "White Man's Country." Separate black and white areas in which each people can "develop on their own lines"—this is a policy which is logical and sound theoretically. It is open, however, to the very serious charge that it is impracticable. And for two very evident reasons.

First, the white man will not do without the black men and women as labourers in homes, stores, factories, gardens, etc. No such absolute separation of the blacks from the whites will be tolerated by the white man when it begins to interfere with the supply of cheap labour.

Second, there is no land which can be freed for native occupation without serious trouble. A recent investigation by a Government Commission found no considerable areas free for occupancy by the blacks. White farmers stand solidly against any appropriation of good arable land for native settlement.

A more elastic system under which natives can buy land in certain sections which were tentatively chosen for native areas in 1916, and the formulation of some scheme under which natives can buy land

on easy terms in so-called " neutral zones " where either white or black may buy, but with safeguards to protect native interests, may do something to relieve the present desperate situation. This is urged by certain thinking whites.

The enacting of the Colour Bar Act, which we have mentioned, and the inability of the present Government to consult native leaders annually on impending legislation—a custom which originated some six years ago and then after a time was discontinued—make the natives suspicious of the good faith of the present Government. They feel, and many thinking whites agree, that the segregation policy which the Government seems to favour, is dictated by fear—fear of the economic competition of the natives. And the natives, in their turn, are afraid that even though land is made available, and the line drawn about it, this line will not keep the white man from coming into their black territory if there is something in that area that the white man wants.

They instance Zululand: " The representative of the Great White Queen (Victoria) said to our people, ' As long as the sun rises in the East and sets in the West all this land will be reserved for you and for your children.' But look at Zululand to-day and see how the white farmers have been allowed to come in and take the choicest part—the coastal lands—for cotton and sugar-cane! "

An old native chief is reported as having said to one of our Prime Ministers: " Do you think, sir, that you are better than God? "

" Why, no, certainly not," said the Minister.

" Well," said the Chief, " God put a whole sea between you white men and us black men, and yet you white men crossed the ocean because there was wealth in the land of the black man. Do you think you can keep your white men from coming and taking possession of the black man's country merely by drawing a line down the country? Do you think you are better than God? "

Of course there is the further alternative, or two alternatives. But let the natives state it:

" Some of the white people say they are going to solve what they call the native problem by driving us North of the Zambezi River, away North of the Victoria Falls. And, on the other hand, some of our native people say we will never have peace until we drive all the white people into the sea, or at least put them on boats and send them back to their own country.

" But what would happen," the spokesman goes on to say, " if the white people drove us North of the Zambezi? Mr Jones and Mr Smith wake up one fine morning in their white homes. ' Where's our morning tea, our morning coffee? ' they ask their wives. The wives say, ' Why, " Jim," the kitchen boy, has been sent away to the Zambezi! ' The stove is cold and there's no morning tea. Mr Jones and Mr Smith don't like that. Soon swift messengers are on their way to the Zambezi. ' Come back, Jim; come back, Sixpence! We want you to come back; we can't do without you! ' "

" On the other hand," says the speaker, " suppose

we natives could drive all the white people into the sea; put them on boats and start them off. Do you know what I would do? I would rush to my home in the Northern Transvaal and gather all my relatives and say to them, 'Hurry, get all your things together, for I've got a fine new house for you to live in. We're going to live in the Union Buildings at Pretoria—the beautiful big buildings which the Government of white men spent millions of pounds for.' Well, we would hurry and get our things together—our cattle and pots. And we would hurry to Pretoria only to discover that my friend Msimang from Swaziland was hastening to Pretoria for the same purpose. And, perhaps, he had his eye on the same new house! And when we arrived we would find the Union Buildings already full of Xosas from the Cape Province. That would never do! We would join forces with Msimang to oust the Xosas. Then there would be fighting and killing, tribe would fight against tribe as in the old days. Until finally we would send messengers to the white people at St Helena or Madeira, saying, 'Come back, come back! We cannot do without you white people. Come back and live among us again!'"

Professor Edgar H. Brookes has compared the native question to the woman question, quoting the Roman General who said of women: "It is awkward to live with them, and impossible to live without them, so we must make the best of things."

Indications point to the conclusion that white and black have got to live together in South Africa.

And if they are to live together in peace, further lines of endeavour must be opened up for the natives in industry. No artificial restriction can be put on their development—the only restriction that can healthily operate is the natural one of inability to do the work.

This statement arouses the whole question of the competition of the black man with the white in skilled work. I suppose an overwhelming majority of white people in South Africa fear that the encouragement of the native to advance to his limit in industry means literally "taking the bread out of the white man's mouth." "Give our children a chance," they say. "The natives are going to get our jobs." An intelligent, increasingly-skilful group of black craftsmen will, it is believed, submerge the white minority in this land and make life for them impossible.

Dynamite should be provided from somewhere to blow this attitude to atoms definitely and finally. As a "fear" it is in the same category as that of the natives that walking-sticks will grab you if you don't watch out! It frightens the foolish and uneducated, but is undeserving the serious consideration of thoughtful men. It is cheap, economic claptrap. And, of course, the Christian man may search until doomsday before finding any religious or ethical warrant for it.

Rather, the reverse of this fearsome attitude is true, that grave danger to our South African white civilization lies in keeping the natives from progressing; in restricting his opportunities for ad-

A SUNDAY MEETING OF NATIVE WORKERS IN JOHANNESBURG.

(*Chapters V and VI.*)

vancement. The statement that "you can't keep a man down in a ditch except by getting down there with him and holding him there" is sound economics in everyday terms. And the converse to this is also true, that "when the devil takes the hindmost the wrench is felt by the topmost; felt to the very marrow of his bones."

What did the members of the Economic and Wage Commission say on this point?

"In the interests *of the white*," say Messrs Stephen Mills, Henry Clay and John Martin (italics mine), "it is necessary to raise the economic level of the native. . . . The chief agency must be the widening of the scope of employment open to him. . . . The white man has less to fear from improvement than from a deterioration in the economic status of the native, while both stand to gain from any increase, and stand to lose from any decrease in the volume of wealth production as a whole." And the other members of the Commission, Messrs W. H. Andrews, F. A. W. Lucas and Wm. H. Rood, state: "Every care should be taken to see that the native in the Union is in no way precluded from the right to economic development . . . in industry where he has gone among the Europeans."

The Chairman of this Commission, Mr Stephen Mills, stated that the belief seemed to be justified that "the economic future of the white man and the native are inseparable; as inseparable as the economic destiny of employer and employed in a country of homogeneous population."

"It follows, then," he said, "that the education

of the native on lines which will fit him for making the best use of his lands, for raising his standard of living, and for taking a more useful and effective part in the industrial as well as the agricultural life of the country, is one of the responsibilities which South Africa can least afford to neglect. In order that incentive to the native may not be lacking, it will be necessary as far as possible to allow those who acquire skill to exercise that skill and to receive the appropriate remuneration."

"The governing consideration," said Messrs Stephen Mills, Henry Clay and John Martin, "should be to encourage the use to its fullest capacity of every class of labour, and to discourage any waste of capacity. By no other policy can the maximum production of wealth be secured, and an increase in the production of wealth per head is the chief need, if wages are to be raised and employment extended in South Africa. . . . Apprehension as to the future of white workers in competition with native workers . . . will not be justified if South Africa continues to develop her natural resources on economic principles."

On the other hand, the statement of Mr Basil Mathews seems to be justified, that "If we pursue the idea that Africa is to become a titanic mining area and farm, to be cultivated and mined by subject labour for the sole interest of the white, then inter-racial turmoil lies ahead and the final decadence of European life and rule itself."

Black and white interests in this country are identical. The improvement of either means the

improvement of both. The choice is still open. South African whites can keep the cover of repression tight on until it is blown off through revolution. Or they can provide ways and means for providing legitimate avenues of endeavour for black and white alike, and guarantee a future which will contain elements of hope for all. As Dr J. E. K. Aggrey, that great African well said, " We (the natives) did not know we had any rights in South Africa. Now we know it and we want them. This newly awakened passion is a Niagara Falls and will engulf you, or it may be made a dynamo to drive the wheels of a new civilization."

" Unless," said Mr H. A. Grimshaw, at the Jerusalem Conference, " the responsible white races act with a finer prevision than they utilized in their industrialization of Asia, we shall have the same basic problem, the same subversion of society, the same suffering and misery and the same eruptive and disruptive tendencies as are visible in Japan and the industrialized areas of China and India to-day. Can nothing be done to prevent it? We believe much can and much must be done. Africa is as yet, comparatively speaking, a sheet upon which little has been written."

A heavy responsibility rests upon the people of South Africa to determine policies for future action which are based upon the broadest and most enduring foundation. Just what this foundation is must increasingly be the subject of serious inquiry by all thinking men and women.

A few years ago a group of British employers

met together and asked themselves this question: "What relation is there between the fact that we are employers of labour and the fact that we are Christian men?" They resolved to answer that question and to follow the logic of the situation no matter where it might lead. Long, conscientious investigation followed, a series of conferences was held, and highly important and striking conclusions were arrived at. But the important thing is that the question was asked and was pressed to a solution.

"What relation is there between the fact that we are white employers and rulers of an emerging race here in South Africa, and the fact that we are Christian men and women?" This question has never been asked seriously and pressed to a definite and logical answer.

I believe there are enough Christian men and women in the land to lend substance to South Africa's claim to be a Christian nation. I believe that if they prayerfully face the question stated in the preceding paragraph, that some highly important and significant conclusions will be arrived at.

The fact is, I am convinced, that Christians in this land have a faith which is timid and afraid in the din of industrial conflict. We have emasculated the Gospel of Jesus Christ; reduced it to the status of an insurance policy, providing that at death we shall enter Heaven's pearly gates. Of course our religion is a comfort to us, but it is as an opiate rather than a tonic, a slumber song instead of a bugle call. The Gospel we profess has nothing

to say about a fair wage for those who are grossly underpaid, nor about the filthy slums where these people are forced to live. It shies at condemning land robberies which have made thousands of God's children homeless. It is content to condemn the illicit liquor trade without attempting to understand that it is the result of the impossible economic squeeze in which native women brewers and agents find themselves. Where are the sackcloth and ashes of olden time? Bring them on, and let us repent of our high crimes against Almighty God!

"We acknowledge with shame and regret," said the Jerusalem leaders last year, "that the churches and the missionary enterprise . . . have not been so sensitive of those aspects of the Christian message as would have been necessary, sensibly, to mitigate the evils which advancing industrialism has brought in its train, and we believe that our failure in this respect has been a positive hindrance—perhaps the gravest of such hindrances—to the power and extension of the missionary enterprise." Not only that, but it has removed the courageous masculine note which would have rallied round the Church and its missionary enterprise those lovers of truth and justice who have found it necessary to create other organizations such as Joint Councils and Racial Institutes to do the task that the Christian churches ought to have done.

The heart of the native problem is *the heart of the native*. Good economics and good religion unite in demanding that native policy be such that the natives themselves will recognize it as fair and just.

You can hire a native's hands and feet, you can kick him into running your errands, sjambok him into physical obedience. But you cannot hire his heart or force him to be content in spirit with treatment that smacks pungently of serfdom. You can only win his heart by fair play, sympathetic consideration, brotherly understanding.

The African is no less valuable to the world than the gold and diamonds hidden in this great land. This is the basic consideration on which Christians must insist and keep on insisting. And the question must be pressed: "How in the scramble for gold and diamonds, full orange boxes and mealie bags, can the African, a human being, with the divine rights of a human being, be protected and secured in freedom and justice?"

It is of vital importance, in this connection, as the Jerusalem Conference Report states, "that economic development should not be accelerated in such a way as to prevent due attention being paid to the problems created by changing social conditions, or as to injure the social welfare of the population affected by it. The welfare of the indigenous populations must be the primary consideration."

If the change from heathenism to civilization is too rapid for the well-being of the native peoples, checks must be put on this speed. The Permanent Mandates Commission proposed the following for insertion in the list of questions to aid Mandatory Powers in the preparation of their annual reports. It contains food for much thought and investigation:

"Does the Government consider it possible that sooner or later a proper care for the preservation and development of the native race may make it necessary to restrict for a time the establishment of new enterprise or the extension of existing enterprises and to spread over a longer term of years the execution of such large public works as are not of immediate and urgent necessity?"[1] This is a pregnant question, indeed, for South Africa. It also contains a salutary warning!

The present South African Government has made a statement that is highly significant in the light of our present discussion. Clause I of the Pact made and entered into between the Union Government and representatives of the Indian peoples of South Africa, states: "The Union Government firmly believes in and adheres to the principle that it is the duty of every civilized Government to devise ways and means and to take all possible steps for the uplifting of every section of their permanent population to the full extent of their capacity and opportunities."

This statement bids well for the future. With such a principle enunciated and with an aroused and enlightened Christian public opinion to back it up, the present Government may make a notable contribution toward the solving of this most complex question.

A statement by Professor Walter Rauschenbusch may well close this discussion. "Every master

[1] Mr H. A. Grimshaw, Vol. V, *Report of Jerusalem Meeting of the International Missionary Council.*

class," says he, "has resented the dawn of independence in a subject class. But the spirit of Pharaoh never works the will of God. However great the practical difficulties may be, the Christian way out is to take our belated black brother by the hand, and urge him along the road of steady and intelligent labour, of hope and self-confidence, and of pride and joy in his race achievements."

## CHAPTER VII

### THE SOCIAL GOSPEL AND THE CHILDREN

We are motoring in the far North-eastern Transvaal. As we round a curve we discover, standing by the roadside, two curious objects which, from a distance, resemble bundles of straw. As we approach, however, we decide that these bundles are boys and their curious grass dress is the circumcision school uniform. Covered from top of the head to the ankles in cleverly made grass suits!

We stop the car and speak to the hidden boys. No answer. Only a low whistle acknowledges that they have heard. We ask them who they are, where their school is located. Another whistle in response!

We remove our camera from the car and expose a hundred feet of film. We take close-ups of headdress with the feathers suspended by a string from the back. Then we go on.

At our destination that night we find that we are in luck. Rev. A. Jaques of the Swiss Mission, expert linguist now on research investigation for the Witwatersrand University, has to-day made arrangements with the "Father" of this circumcision school to visit it to-morrow morning. "Would we like to go along?" "*Rather!*"

So next day finds us in the heathen kraal, near the secret, magic enclosure where boys are being made men. We are introduced to the " Father "—the professor of heathenism in the school. An undersized, weak-eyed chap, he is hardly the type we would have chosen to teach manhood to boys. He sports several bags of medicines around his neck, and feels his importance.

Here are girl students, also, from a girls' heathen school. Not so gay is their appearance, for their dress consists of a grass skirt merely, which flips and flops about them when they do their twisting dance.

The boys issue forth from their secret enclosure, where no one save the " Father " and his assistants (shepherds) may enter.

The twenty boys are outfitted like the ones we saw by the roadside, except the one in the centre of the line who is encased in a fearsome, huge mask which completely covers him, grass suit and all, leaving only his legs free; like an armour-plate, with a beak protruding forward, the whole device intricately made of leaves. The appearance of this huge mask—like nothing on earth!—is intended to impress all, especially the women, with proper awe and respect: for are not the boys entering into communication with demon-spirits? The whole school is " under the protecting and menacing guardianship of the spirits." A veil of gruesome mystery hangs over the rites.

The boys dance a dignified, slow dance to the music of drums pounded by the girls. We are somewhat disappointed. This is rather tame!

But now the leader, the wearer of the demon mask, steps out. He cannot see but has to be led to the centre of the kraal. Then, alone, to the striking of the drums, this awesome creature goes through a wild dance which must strike terror into the womenfolk. A wobbly advance, then leaps and bounds, then a weird, staggering progress around the circle like a badly intoxicated individual. The moving picture camera devours it all with delight. We leave with profuse thanks to the "Father" and a contribution to ease his itching palm.

Early every morning we are awakened from our sleep by a wild, inhuman cry, away off on the hills. It's this heathen school! The first blush of dawn awakes the boys in that hard training camp, and they repeat the shrill cry for perhaps half an hour:

> "Sing your song, bird of the morn,
> We are the initiated, we are the men!"

From the time of this early morning song, the boys are kept busy learning ancient formulæ, looking after their circumcision sores, hunting, and "stabbing the elephant (the fireplace)" while they are to harden to bodily pain by being beaten regularly by the shepherds. They smear themselves with white clay, a symbol of the fact that they are shining and new. They have abandoned childhood's darkness.

These schools, as Dr Henri A. Junod points out in his study, *The Story of a South African Tribe*, teach endurance, obedience and manliness. In originating these schools the native people were 'inspired by a deep and true sense of the necessity

in the evolution of man, of a progress consisting in the renunciation of a miserable past and the introduction into a higher life. This idea," says Dr Junod, "is one of those *points d'attache* to which we can link the truths of spiritual religion." There is much in the heathen school which leads up naturally to the final injunction of the Father of the school—"Try to behave like men!"

But there is the other side; the impure sexual allusions everywhere present, obscene language and actions; the teaching of contempt for womenfolk, even for their own mothers. The latter degrades and debases the home, making a Christian family impossible. Mr J. Raum states that "the whole list of maxims and rites are nothing but a deliberate attempt to intimidate women." [1]

These heathen schools are held every few years among certain tribes. In spite of Mission opposition, they are favoured by some native chiefs and allowed by Native Commissioners in many districts. Their value is open to grave question. Dr Junod states: "The teaching of endurance and of hunting has certainly some value, but these rites as a whole have very little worth and are useless in the new economy of South Africa. The obscene language . . . certainly tends to pervert the minds of the boys and constitutes an immoral preparation for sexual life."

Another phase of heathenism which powerfully affects child life:—

Soon after arrival in South Africa my wife and

[1] *International Review of Missions*, October 1927.

I went to stay for a time in a native kraal far from civilization. Reason—language study.

We were perspiring over our Zulu lessons one day, trying to straighten out the many different classes of nouns, and stretching our mouths to encompass the difficult Zulu clicks, when a messenger arrived with an invitation to attend a native wedding that afternoon.

Down slammed our books. We hurried to get ready for the trip over the winding native paths.

We discovered on our arrival that both Christians and heathen had been invited to attend the joyous occasion. On one side of the collection of huts were assembled the heathen; on the other the Christian folk. On the heathen side the wedding dances were being put on by a long line of sparsely-dressed men, young and old. They stamped and shouted and sang, looking up into heaven with staring eyes. They were evidently invoking the blessings of the spirits of the departed on the newly-wedded pair. When the dancers lagged there were the women to encourage them by their steady hand-clapping. There also were the equally encouraging pots of home-brew beer containing a powerful " kick."

The side of the kraal occupied by the Christians, however, was quiet and dignified. Here in his black frock-coat was the preacher, vigilant to guard his flock. All were attired, as nearly as possible, like the white people they had seen. And they were seated on European chairs. (Their heathen brethren squatted on the ground.)

What could the Christians do to contribute to the joy of the wedding? The pastor solemnly stood up and selected a hymn; they turned to the places, stood up together, and in good harmony sang one of the great hymns of the Church: "Holy, Holy, Holy." Then they resumed their seats.

But all the time, on the opposite side of the kraal, the heathen commotion continued without check, the noise rising and falling—stamp, stamp! grunt, grunt! the bursting into song, the waving of the shields, and the vicious jabbing of the spears.

We were looking on from a point midway between the Christian and heathen groups. About us were gathered the children, many of them the sons and daughters of the Christians. Their fathers and mothers were over there sitting quietly on the chairs.

We couldn't help but wonder how this contrast affected the children. Which type of activity appeared to them the more attractive—the quiet hymn-singing of their parents, or the wild shouting and stamping of the heathen? We watched the children's eyes closely following every move of the heathen; open-mouthed in appreciation. Here was real stuff! The dancers were having a good time! We concluded that were we in the position of the young folks, the heathen contribution would appear much the more attractive of the two.

In many cases it does. Children of Christian parents find much in heathenism that attracts them and they slip off into the heathen kraals, there to stamp their feet, clap their hands, and shout their

songs. Their parents see with despairing eyes that their wayward children are slipping downward into a life which is not wholly heathen, yet not genuinely Christian. They accept the easy benefits of each type of life and end too often in a total disregard of the conventional moral standards prevailing in even heathen society.

Another short scene to complete our rough and totally inadequate sketch of the influences acting on child life in the country.

We are walking along a native country path, far from civilization, when we hear a whistle from above us—high up on the hillside. We look, see nothing. Only a few cattle and goats. The whistling continues; three or four notes repeated over and over again.

We forsake the path and climb the hill. We suddenly surprise the music maker in a little clump of grass. A tiny bundle of rags, badly scared, scurries away.

"Come here, *mfana!* (boy!). Don't be afraid of us!" He comes near; finally grins.

"What are you doing here?"

"Tending the cattle," he replies.

"Are you all alone?"

"Yes, to-day. Yesterday two other boys brought their cattle and goats and we played. But they didn't come to-day."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"Yes, they are in school. One brother in Durban, working."

"Are you ever going to school?"

He shakes his head. He is the youngest boy in the family. His will probably be the job of "herder" until he gets old enough to go to town and work.

So he sits out his boyhood on the hillside watching the cattle. Thousands, like him, spend their boyhood days thus. Lack of fences make herding necessary to protect the gardens. Sometimes the weather is bad, and the older children, comfortable in the grass hut, sing the song which Dr Junod has interpreted:

> "Far away, there where he is, he weeps, the little boy,
> The keeper of the goats and of the calves."

A pathetic group, these herder boys!

And what of their brothers, the children in the towns?

Investigators visited the Johannesburg slums (of which we shall speak later) one evening and counted fifty children, native boys and girls, sleeping in stables where are housed the horses and mules of a cartage concern. It is estimated that 200 children in Johannesburg have no homes, and are living by their wits. But judge for yourselves what chance there is even for those who have homes. Slum children have no playground but the slum street. They live crowded into one or two miserable rooms with mother, father, sisters, brothers, relatives and visitors—no privacy, no chance for parental care—with mother washing all day. Schools there are for only about one-third of the town kiddies.

Come with me to the bottom of the cliff over

PATHFINDERS (NATIVE BOY SCOUTS) IN CAMP
(*Chapter VII.*)

SOME WAYFARERS (NATIVE GIRL GUIDES)
(*Chapter VII.*)

which these children fall. We enter a reformatory, housing 200 native boys from seven to fifteen years of age. "How did you get here?" we ask a bright-eyed little fellow.

"Oh, I was playing around the market one day and I got hungry and took some oranges. A constable saw me and they put me in here."

"And what did you do?" we ask another boy.

"I was playing in the railway yards. We pushed the track over to see what would happen when the train came along, and we were grabbed by a constable."

Poor kiddies! We come away thinking that our own little boys would probably be occupying space in the reformatory if they had no place to play but in railway yards, nothing to eat, no decent homes. But aren't these boys criminals? Not at all! At least, not yet. They may be criminals, and experts at that, after they have served their years at the reformatory, associating with older boys who are criminally inclined, herded together indiscriminately with scores of others, some of whom are guilty of more serious offences.

The conditions facing the children of the present day present a problem of no small magnitude to the well-wisher of the native people. Compulsory education for native children in South Africa is a long way off. There are school facilities provided for less than one-fourth (March 1929) of the native children of the Union. The impossible economic conditions discussed in the last chapter hit the

children in the towns and hit them hard. Conditions as to food, etc., in the country district are slightly better, except in times of drought, but here, too, the children are subjected to the strains of the transition period. Their fathers are away from home. The old authority of the chief has declined, and with it the sanctions and taboos of the old tribal customs. And—" Here is young So-and-so just come back from the mines with money to spend, presents to entice the girls, beer all round, all-night concerts after the city pattern! " Pleasure and drink and the usual results!

This situation, in brief, has caused the progressive, modern missionary to put increasing emphasis on the adaptation of Christian social service methods to the needs of the native youth. It has been recognized that the preaching of the Gospel and the purely spiritual ministry of the Church must be supplemented by the addition of the playground, Boy Scouts and athletics, as well as by school and Sunday School. This has meant additional work for the evangelistic missionary and his wife. In Johannesburg, special workers have been definitely set aside to do this necessary supplementary work.

What has been attempted? A picture and some facts:—

It's early evening in the country; dusk. Everything is quiet around the missionary home. The family is having the evening meal.

Along a path outside two or three small quick-moving objects silently approach. More from the

opposite direction. Bundles of rags! "Rag-tail, bob-tails," the missionary wife calls them.

"My Nighties!" They slip into a little, round, thatched-roof hut near the house. A light glimmers through the window, and soon sounds of great glee are heard. Other little boys appear until there must be fifty inside the room. From the noise one would say five hundred!

Soon the snowy-haired, kindly-faced wife of the missionary is seen at the door. The noise ebbs and falls away. She greets them cheerfully in the native language. They respond, grinning broadly. They separate into school groups. Books and slates, then blackboard work. No noise now; they work hard. The white man's language is puzzling for little black boys.

An hour flies while they toil. The kindly lady is constantly on the move, visiting this one, now that, setting an exercise on the blackboard, then correcting an exercise on a slate.

Then the slates are put away and the crowd is all ears while their leader explains a new game.

"Do you all understand?" she asks.

They do.

Then, Wow! What a noise! The little hut rocks as the crowd gets into action. Shrieks of delight for half an hour!

Then a word from their leader brings the fun to a close. They gather round her as she opens the New Testament and slowly reads thrilling words in their native tongue, describing the boyhood and youth of the Master of Life. Then a little talk on

clean, high living; the Christian way. Then words of prayer, and " Lights Out! " the Nighties lie down in their rags for a sleep before the first beams of the rising sun send them out on the hills again to watch the calves and goats. There will be a big dish of porridge for each, however, on the back veranda before they start out.

This humble service was started some years ago by Mrs George B. Cowles at Umzumbi, Natal. Inspired by her example, others have started similar groups. This is certainly religion, pure and undefiled, in action—bringing to little boys growing up " without a chance " the loving ministry of Him who had a place in His heart for " even the least of these, My little brothers."

A dozen small urchins from Johannesburg slums were gathered into a nearby room by a mission worker in 1918. He searched for a name to give this Scout group and decided on " Pathfinders." From this one Boy Scout troop the movement has grown until to-day, in the Transvaal Province alone, there are 75 troops with 3000 boys enrolled. Funds for carrying on the 40 troops in the Johannesburg district are obtained from interested Johannesburg business men and from mission contributions. The movement is controlled by an organization parallel to the Boy Scout Movement. This movement for native boys is under the control of the European Boy Scout Movement. A clear-cut, keen young fellow is District Pathfinder Master for the Gold Reef. The big event of the year for Reef Pathfinders is the camp at " Boss Steven's Farm,"

40 miles away. Ten days of unadulterated bliss on the 10,000 acre farm of this bluff and hearty Cornishman is something to remember! The Pathfinder Movement is growing and spreading itself all over South Africa.

A word should be said as to the relationship between this Pathfinder Movement for native boys and the white Boy Scout Movement. For ten years the white Transvaal Boy Scout Council has been interested in the movement among the native boys. It was the first Provincial Scout Council to extend recognition to the Pathfinder Movement. Scout officials are to-day members of the Pathfinder Provincial and National Councils. And, inasmuch as Scout officials who have served on the Pathfinder bodies have been men of sympathy and considerable breadth of vision, the scheme of parallel organizations has thus far worked fairly satisfactorily.

There are indications, however, that this relationship will not last. Some of the factors involved are as follows: (1) The knowledge that elsewhere in the world boys of all colours are received into membership in the Boy Scouts on equal terms of brotherhood. (2) Other groups of non-European boys want to be Boy Scouts. The Indian boys have organized themselves as Boy Scouts and are conducting their affairs on Boy Scout lines, although, of course, without recognition from the Boy Scout Movement. The coloured boys have adopted the name "Paladins" for their organization and have refused affiliation with the Boy Scout Movement on any other terms than as Boy Scouts. They

regard the Pathfinder Movement as an inferior organization. (3) The refusal of the Boy Scout officials to grant any actual voting representation on the South African Scout Council to Pathfinder officials. On the other hand, Boy Scout officials have claimed five seats in each Provincial Pathfinder Council and three in the South African Pathfinder Council, in addition to appointing the Chief Pathfinder for the Union! The South African Boy Scout Council, in granting a Constitution to the Pathfinders, has definitely laid down that the South African Pathfinder Council shall be " subject in all things, however, to the specific veto or direction of the Council of the South African Branch of the Boy Scouts Association." (Constitution of the Pathfinder Movement, Part 1, Sec. A, 1.) To retain such wholesale powers of direction and veto in the Pathfinder Movement and yet deny the Pathfinder officials representation on the South African Boy Scout Council has given rise to the conviction in the minds of those Europeans responsible for carrying on the work among native boys that the Boy Scout officials are interested in the Pathfinders largely, if not entirely, from the point of view of *control*, of guaranteeing that it shall never jeopardize the interests of the white Boy Scout Association. There is very little of a generous spirit of co-operation to be seen; little of that broad spirit of altruism which an observer would naturally expect to find in a movement which stresses Service and Brotherhood so insistently. It need surprise no one should the leaders of the

non-European boys' movements decide fairly soon that the time is ripe to form in South Africa a Boy Scout Association which shall more nearly approximate to the high ideals of the Boy Scout Movement throughout the world.

A similar organization, "The Wayfarers," has been started for the native girls. This organization is controlled by an enthusiastic group of ladies who have made things "hum." Husbands of the ladies concerned complain that they hear nothing else in their homes but "Wayfarers, Wayfarers!" That is the spirit that makes for progress! And to-day there are thousands of Wayfarers in town and country.

The first playground for native children "with all the fixin's" in the matter of swings, giant strides, slide, etc., was prepared in Johannesburg, by missionaries, in 1919. For years the playground was the centre of attraction for the children of a big slum district.

And in the same city Athletic Leagues for boys and girls were set up about 1920, and have proved a power for good in the years since. Now hundreds of boys compete annually in football, the girls in field-hockey. Stimulating prizes are given away each year to triumphant winning teams.

To take the place of the heathen dance, associated as it is with the whole heathen system, and yet to provide for the strong craving for rhythmic expression, musical games and folk-dances are encouraged among the children. The "Wayfarers" are doing something along this line.

Organized concerts are occasionally arranged by native school-teachers, wherein boys and girls acquit themselves with credit in music and dramatics. What are called " High-brow " concerts are popular with the school-children at Johannesburg. The programmes are arranged by the City Organist, Mr John Connell; wonderful evenings of classical and popular numbers played on various instruments, with solos and group singing, all the performers in this case being white. Free weekly cinemas are provided for large groups of appreciative native children in the Bantu Men's Social Centre in Johannesburg (of which mention will be made later), and in half a dozen native locations on the Gold Reef. This is a part of the moving-picture enterprise which will be described in Chapter XI.

Rev. Father Bernard Huss, the Principal of the Catholic Training College at Marian-n-hill, has developed to a higher degree than anyone else the considerable talent of the native young people for dramatics. Incidentally, here is one point where Catholic and Protestant can co-operate. In the Durban Location Hall the Father's plays have been carried on under the direction of a nonconformist missionary.

Of course, the application of the Social Gospel to the needs of the mass of Africans must eventually be done largely by Africans. Native teachers are strategically placed for rendering heroic service here. An Inspector's Report of a visit to a Native School suggests that the opportunity is being grasped by the teaching staff of at least one native

school. The Report concludes: "We cannot close without a tribute being paid to the staff for their excellent community service. Reference has already been made to the Head Teacher's Night School. Mention must be made of Sunday School work, choir management, the beginnings of what will become very effective Pathfinder work, and of the fact that the Head Teacher's method of overcoming the hostility that existed between his school and various neighbouring ones has been to buy a football and to organize regular matches in which all participate. All this is admirable."

So far as the writer is aware, no attempt has been made in South Africa similar to that made by Canon Lucas of the Universities Mission at Masasi, to sublimate the Circumcision School, and make of it a Christian thing. As Canon Lucas described it at the Le Zoute Conference on Africa, his experiment has been very successful. Instead of the obscenity and vileness of the heathen school, in the camp organized by him the boys are taught the Christian virtues. There are physical trials; the pupil's hair is cut and burnt together with all the childhood possessions; new clothing is brought by the men. The boys are circumcised by a competent person and properly treated. At the close of the period of testing and of instruction there is the service in the church when the boys pray: "I ask of God that I may be a righteous man." Christian native people approve of this at Masasi, and even some heathen have brought their boys to the school. Seven hundred lads have already

been received in this way and Canon Lucas has gained an enormous influence over them. There are suggestions extremely worth-while in this experiment for South Africa, but some of us believe that they can well be incorporated in the Pathfinder and Wayfarer programmes.

The first Community Settlement work to be started in the midst of a needy native township is that of Miss Dorothy Maud of the Anglican Communion. She has picked out what is one of the neediest spots on the Witwatersrand; has erected there a social and recreational plant which is accomplishing a world of good. Just outside her enclosure is a large school, and close-by, the church; a self-contained development unit, which aims at keeping the children and young people worthily occupied for every waking hour.

Annually at Johannesburg all the 3000 school-children compete in an all-day athletic meeting. A trophy is presented to the winning school; printed, coloured ribands to individual winners. This is a bright spot in the school year.

When we think of the uncounted thousands of children in Africa who need this sort of service, we feel that these lines of activity are in their very infancy. Further experiment and demonstration are needed, and many more specialized workers urgently required to meet the growing needs of the young of the Bantu Race.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE SOCIAL GOSPEL AND WOMAN

An African man and his wife were passing along a road. The woman, in addition to having a baby on her back, was heavily loaded down with bundles, some carried in her arms, others balanced on her head. The man carried a light walking-stick and marched ahead of her. A newly-arrived missionary expostulated with the owner of the walking-stick. "You ought not to compel your wife to carry all that heavy load."

"Why," said the native man, in surprise, "if my wife doesn't carry it, whose wife is going to do it?"

This answer is typically African. In the heathen man's mind woman was made for the purpose of doing his work. From birth to marriage, she belongs to her husband. If he dies she becomes the property of her dead husband's brother or nearest male relative. And her's is the heavy end of the day's work. It is she who cultivates the gardens, carries the wood from the bush and water from the river, gathers the thatch for house-building, brews the beer and cooks the food.

In a polygamous society the woman may be one of many wives of the man. So long as she retains her youthful attractions, she may be privileged to

lay down the law to the other wives in minor matters, but as old age creeps on and the husband attaches to himself more attractive women, she sinks to the level of a servant, her only joys being the petty intrigues which flourish under such a rule of jealousy and suspicion.

The *lobola* system—the gift to the father of the girl of so many cattle by the bridegroom before the wedding—tends to crystallize this conception of the woman as property. The man has handed over ten or twelve head of cattle for his wife. This is not regarded as " payment." But it is nevertheless something of a measure of value. Moreover, it carries with it a certain security for the woman and gives her a place in her husband's regard. Because of this the native women, even those who have been educated in our mission schools, are solidly behind the custom. They say, " Unless our husbands pay *lobola* for us, they will have no respect for us." If a wife is ill-treated by her husband, she may return to her home, and the chief will rule that her father may keep her and the cattle, too.

But this old heathen order is changing, and rapidly. The great gold-fields, the diamond, copper and coal mines have attracted the native men in increasing numbers. With over a million of them coming into contact annually with the white man's ways of doing things, the tribal chiefs find it impossible to exert their former power. Family life is being broken up, parental control is slipping, and respect for native law is disintegrating.

Recent legislation by the South African Govern-

ment has attempted to slow up this process. The native Administration Act of 1927 aimed at safeguarding and strengthening those forces and institutions which native society had developed in olden time and to which the native people were accustomed. Legislation of this sort is extremely valuable, but it cannot do more than eliminate some of the worst features of the changing conditions. It cannot put back the hands of the clock.

And cities full of young men workers, for instance, have a compelling attraction for native women and girls which no laws can effectually regulate. Here in the big towns is activity and excitement, fine clothes and love-making! Here is freedom from the increasingly burdensome old kraal customs and restraints. So by the thousands they are coming to the towns. They run away from their homes, walk or travel by train to the centres, and there constitute the most perplexing problem faced by the Christian missionary and social worker.

For a time a native woman, coming to the city for the first time, may try housework in a white man's home. That is often found to be too confining. She finds a room in one of the disreputable slum districts and starts to do washing by the day. Then she begins to get acquainted with other women who do not go to work, but who have money—bags of it! The profits of liquor-selling and prostitution are sure and easy. The selling of liquor is prohibited by law, but the penalties are not severe and the rich rewards are well worth

the risk. So the woman speedily slips into criminal ways, and becomes a permanent inmate in one of the teeming slum yards.

The condition of these women is pitiful. "Not over five per cent. of the men and women living in my native location are married, either by heathen or Christian rites," said a superintendent of natives to me recently. To procure a house from which to operate as a seller of liquor, it is necessary for a woman to have a man she can call her husband. Husbands come and husbands go; she continues year after year; brewing beer, engaging in vice, bearing illegitimate children—sinking further into the mire.

What can be done to counteract these conditions?

First of all, legislation is being asked for which shall make it difficult for these women to leave their homes and come to the towns unless they have perfectly legitimate reasons for being there. Secondly, as we have seen, missionaries, native pastors and evangelists, are labouring for the christianization of the heathen homes in the country. Reports from African mission fields will provide information for those interested in that far-flung work. Thirdly, we are concentrating on evangelistic work among the town-dwellers. Many town churches in Johannesburg alone, dozens of lay preachers reaching slum yards, locations, gaols and reformatories with the message of the redeeming Christ, are raising the standard of Jesus high in these needy spots. Fourthly, influences are being brought to bear on the city Governments to provide

better housing conditions for their native population. Disreputable homes have a direct and traceable effect in creating disreputable people. The Johannesburg Municipality is making great strides in providing for its tremendous native population. Forty-five thousand people still remain, however, to be taken care of in decent locations or native villages.

Lastly, we are attempting to provide for the children, as we saw in the previous chapter, playgrounds, athletics, Pathfinder and Wayfarer activities. Several of the missionary societies have organized Sunday Schools where hundreds of these slum children gather every Sabbath Day. The interest here is keen; the singing tremendous. About three thousand children are provided for in Johannesburg schools, taking them up to Standards VI or VII, then urging them to go on to higher schools elsewhere.

Some years ago Dr and Mrs Frederick B. Bridgman conceived the idea of hostels or homes for single native women. Mrs Bridgman gathered some Johannesburg friends about her, solicited funds from business and mining men, bought a house, and started the "Helping-hand Club." To-day some fifty women and girls are housed on these premises. Most of them are in domestic service in homes nearby. Here they live after their work is finished; have religious meetings, educational classes, and social good times provided. A white matron is in charge of this Helping-hand Club. She investigates personally the conditions

of labour under which her girls work, and acts as a friend and counsellor to them.

When this institutional work was being planned, it aroused much opposition among the white people resident in the district where the Club was to be located. A petition was circulated by the nearest white resident, and it was signed by 200 others, protesting against the starting of a native hostel in their neighbourhood. But it was started, and soon afterward this neighbour himself visited the premises, was shown over the place by the matron, and was so favourably impressed that he left a subscription to the work of the institution!

Similar work has been started elsewhere—one plant being located in Durban, two in Pretoria, and one other in Johannesburg. Of course, these hostels house only a small part of the women who find their way to these large towns. More are badly needed. Hundreds of native servant girls in residence districts are housed in shockingly unsuitable quarters. They frequently have to sleep outside in unprotected yards, exposed to overwhelming temptations to vicious living.

My wife has on her visiting list the names of sixty women, mostly married, who have been educated at mission schools in Natal and elsewhere, have a high school or normal school training, and have come with their husbands to live permanently at Johannesburg. These women are making a brave fight to live decently in the midst of almost impossible conditions.

A flourishing Women's Christian Temperance

Union, supported and engineered by representatives of several missionary societies, is a great encouragement to those women who are respectable.

A highly significant and valuable work is that conducted by Mrs D. D. T. Jabavu in the Victoria East District of the Cape Province. In 1918 Mrs Jabavu founded the "Bantu Women's Self-Improvement Association." Women confessed to being confronted, again and again, with problems which they, as Christian women, knew not how to solve. "Foremost were the problems of the home: (1) What to do in time of illness; (2) What to cook and how to serve it; (3) Where to get materials for cooking which were within reach of one's pocket-book; (4) How to dress nicely and yet inexpensively; and (5) What to do at times when one needed to play games and attend dances. This last subject was discussed with warmth, as we all looked" (I'm quoting from Mrs Jabavu's report) "with longing on our 'red sisters' (heathen) who had so many social functions to satisfy the social hunger, which were, by reason of our being Christians, taboo to us." A comprehensive scheme was evolved. Nine centres were established with weekly meetings. "At each cookery meeting, members were requested to contribute materials equally and the dish was eaten after the lesson." Sewing meetings were popular. In 1924, Child Welfare was added. Then Clubs for girls. When Mrs Max Yergan arrived from America, she told them of similar work conducted by women in America. They were highly gratified to discover

that they had been working along exactly similar lines.

One interesting feature of this Self-Improvement Association is their method of purchasing cloth. A friend of the women gave £5 for a central fund for this purpose. By buying in bulk they are able to get quite a reduction in price. Selling at a slight profit, but still far below current traders' prices, has brought in a sufficient return, so the fund is continually growing. Co-operative buying on a small, though very instructive, scale.

Activities aimed at the uplift and protection of African womanhood, and consequent preservation and purification of the home are absolutely fundamental and should be so regarded in plans looking toward the extension of the religious and social work programme. The County work of the Christian Associations in America, and the District visitation and Community work of Tuskegee Institute, Hampton and Penn School, should be highly suggestive to those at work in the country districts. Further experiments, and great extension of those agencies which have already proved of value in the cities, are a crying need.

# CHAPTER IX

## THE SOCIAL GOSPEL IN THE CITY

JACK is a well-to-do native man in Johannesburg. His father left him some money and it has been carefully handled. To-day his property brings in quite a considerable income.

One day Jack receives an Income Tax blank from the Government. This must be filled in and returned. Sensing trouble ahead, Jack talks it over with a white friend who knows him well. He asks: "Do I have to fill this out and pay Income Tax for the rest of my life?"

"Yes," says his friend, "I believe you have an income large enough to be taxed by the Government."

Jack is terribly upset. He is fond of his money. He cannot sleep. Here is the Government, like a thieving monster, ready to grab his precious hoardings! Finally he resolves to see who is slicker, he or the Government.

He goes to his home, takes off his white man's clothes, and wraps himself in a dirty blanket such as is worn by the "red" natives working in the mines. He smears his face with earth; rumples his hair. He is now merely a filthy native from the country.

Jack appears at the office of the Collector of Revenue in Johannesburg and presents his Income Tax blank.

"*Yini lo?* (What is this?)" he asks.

The Collector of Revenue takes the paper, looks at the heathen, blanket native, and asks:

"Who are you? Where did you find this paper?"

"*Angi sazi isiNgisi* (I don't understand English)," replies Jack—a big one, for Jack speaks English perfectly.

A clerk is called and asked: "What —— fool in this office sent a tax blank to this dirty nigger?"

In disgust, the Collector of Revenue tears the blank into bits, crosses Jack's name off the roll, and Jack returns home rejoicing. He pays no tax.

Many instances might be cited to show how city life sharpens wits. Native people are keen imitators, and often the laugh is on the unsuspecting white man who takes the rogue in front of him for an ignoramus.

The city is a University. Daily the native is studying, copying the white man's ways. He is everywhere observing, pondering, experimenting for himself. He sees that often crooks succeed where honest men fail; violence gets rewarded while constitutional action means endless delay and then seldom brings satisfaction.

It was in 1918 that we found the keen-witted native leaders at their wit's end in Johannesburg, ready to try anything. Repeated representations had been made to the Government on the land

question, the Pass Laws, Housing, etc. Deputations had even been sent to England to voice the feelings of the oppressed peoples to the King himself. But the petitioners had failed in every quarter.

We attended some of their meetings; heard the disappointment and despair clothed in lurid language by the leaders.

"We'll never get anything out of white men," they cried, "except by violence. Didn't even the English women, wives of these white men, have to smash windows and destroy property, make the Englishmen uncomfortable, before they got the right to vote? We've got to fight for our rights."

A strike was organized at the village Main Reef Mine. Five thousand native workers refused to work on a certain morning. A lightning strike! It was only on the third day that they were forced back to their work at the point of the bayonet. The strike failed of its purpose—but it was a glorious success in the minds of the leaders. Why? Why, because it demonstrated that *they could do it!* The white man had said the natives couldn't organize effectively. They couldn't keep their mouths shut long enough to stage a strike. The secret would leak out because the natives were such chatterers. But now they had shown that they could, and they were anxious to try this weapon again.

A new strike was being talked about, but on a larger scale. Now all the 200,000 mine workers were to be organized. Not only that, but every shop worker, every house-boy, every kitchen

servant—the whole 300,000 and more were to be enlisted and instructed as to their part.

Then! one dark night, as the white folks slept, the compound gates were all to be opened, the mines captured; looted; every shop was to be raided; banks broken open; and in every home the white people were to be disposed of quietly in their beds! That day—THE DAY!—Johannesburg, with all its mines, buildings, homes, *everything*, would be in black hands.

This was being deliberately planned. As newcomers from the land where the black man was believed to have "a chance," we got information that did not reach other white ears.

We tried to gain the confidence of these embittered native leaders. They said to us, "You are not wanted here. You had better go back home. There's not a white man in South Africa who cares the snap of his fingers for the black man. Peaceful measures have failed. We are being forced to try violence!"

We persisted in cultivating their acquaintance, and were finally rewarded to the extent of being able to start a small debating and literary society. These men were anxious to improve their English. Looking about for a name, we ran across Socrates' motto: "Know Thyself," and called this Club "Gamma Sigma," after the first letters of the two Greek words of that motto.

For several months this Gamma Sigma Club met for discussion and debate, essay-writing and extemporaneous speaking. At the same time,

during these months we were meeting white men of goodwill who were kindly disposed to the natives, but who had never made any contacts with this educated group—didn't know of their existence.

We informed the Gamma Sigma members one evening that we were arranging for a white man to come and address them the following week. The announcement was ridiculed. "You'll never get a Johannesburg European to come down here and speak to us!"

But he came. A member of the City Council, a keen attorney—since Mayor of the city. He spoke on "Government"—why necessary, its functions. After he had finished, discussion was invited. The dammed-up flood broke loose. The speaker was charged with the sins of the Government and the Municipality, with the shortcomings of the white men in general and Christian people in particular. He had a hot time. But he dealt sympathetically with them, and when he left the group could not help but feel that here was one white man, at least, who was fair and square; wanted justice done, and who considered the natives valuable enough to leave his comfortable home for a whole evening and spend it with them in the slums.

A fortnight later we had another speaker, the Government Director of Native Labour for the Witwatersrand. He spoke on "Native Affairs." He was also received with more than considerable warmth.

Then weekly or fortnightly we invited different

white men: the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce; the Native Adviser to the Chamber of Mines; prominent local merchants; professional men; professors in the University; legislators; members of the City Council; labour leaders; distinguished travellers through South Africa; bishops and clergy—all to meet this rapidly-growing native group.

These nights were revelations to the white men. "This meeting to-night has been an eye-opener to me!" said a Justice of the Appeal Court; "I didn't dream that we had hundreds of natives who speak English, who could reason just as cogently and sanely as any of us, and who could be so courteous and yet mince no words in speaking of their wrongs. They are living under impossible conditions. We've got to do something for these men!"

These meetings were a good thing for the native men. They began to see that things were not as simple as they looked, nor remedies so easily found. They discovered that the white man had many aspects of these questions to consider. And, most important, they learned that they had friends, many of them, among the white people.

But it was hard, and it is to-day, for these educated native men to keep sane and deal with even friendly white men on a courteous footing. One evening in the Gamma Sigma Club one of the brightest and keenest of the men talked in a way altogether unusual to him. Always courteous and fair to opponents, then he acted and spoke as though

iron had entered his soul. He was bitter and what he said made one's blood run cold. Inquiry revealed the fact that just before the meeting he had witnessed a brutal white man knock his wife—an educated, cultured girl—off the steps of a tram-car, causing her to fall full length into the muddy street! These men of colour endure with patience what would cause white men to rise in awful revolt.

As the result of the Gamma Sigma Club meetings, sentiment among the native leaders changed. One of the most bitter had been Mr M——. Well educated, he had been to England and seen the respectful treatment which men of his colour receive there. On his return to South Africa he saw again the colour line drawn hard and fast. When he spoke at some of the earlier meetings there was a hard bitterness about his fiery speeches that made the cold shivers run up and down our back. With a logic that no one could challenge, he painted the conditions of the black man with a brush dipped in gall. He could see no way out except through revolution. Mr M—— became much interested in these club meetings. He was usually present and took an increasingly prominent part in the discussions. As time went on a gradual change took place in his attitude.

In the year 1926 a few African native men were being selected for signal honour. A world Conference on Africa was to be held in Le Zoute, Belgium. Governments, industries, missionaries and white colonists were to be represented. But it was felt that the Conference would be incomplete

unless the native people were represented by some of their outstanding Christian leaders. Mr Joseph Oldham, the Secretary of the International Missionary Council, came to South Africa. When he met Mr —— he said, " We must have that man. We must make it possible for him to get to Belgium. No other man has impressed me more." He quickly recognized that Mr M—— was one of the biggest and broadest men of the native race. A lay preacher of his Church, a contributor to South African newspapers; in all of his contacts with his people he urges co-operation between white and black in the working out of a Christian way of mutual understanding and brotherhood. And he has been chosen Native Secretary of another Johannesburg organization which has grown up and overshadowed this Gamma Sigma Club in usefulness.

I refer to the " Johannesburg Joint Council of Europeans and Natives," an inter-racial committee which was organized after two or three years of this Club work. With the background of the Club experience, with the example of Mr Maurice Evan's successful Native Affairs Reform Association in Durban, it was not difficult to convince the native men of the value of organizing a permanent inter-racial committee, which would function as a buffer between whites and blacks in our city. The Johannesburg native men were willing, at least, to give the idea a trial. " It is our last hope," said one, " our last chance to get justice without fighting for it." There had been a Johannesburg Native

Welfare Society composed entirely of white members, but interest had lapsed. Now, twenty-five of the leading white people were selected; twenty-five of the strongest native leaders chosen; and from that time until to-day the Johannesburg Joint Council has exercised an increasingly valuable influence in a variety of ways. Some of the activities could be included under the following headings: (1) Deputations and representations to Government regarding legislation; (2) Interpretation to the whites through newspapers and printed matter of a sane Christian attitude toward inter-racial matters; (3) Establishment of sub-committees on housing, slum conditions, exorbitant rents, recreation, passes, trams, wages, etc.; (4) Organizing of conferences, National in scope for the discussion of all aspects of the native question. Several of these valuable gatherings have been held.

As the result of this Inter-racial Committee organization in Johannesburg, other towns have started similar work, until to-day twenty cities and towns have Joint Councils of white and black. A Federal Council has been formed to link up these local units into a national body which shall co-ordinate the activities of the local councils and speak with a united voice on all native questions.

A new organization has just made its appearance which makes the future look much more hopeful. Nine representative South African business and professional men have formed " The South African Institute of Race Relations." This institute is intended " to serve as a connecting link between

the considerable number of bodies (*e.g.*, Joint Councils, Welfare Societies, Missionary Conferences) at present engaged in various forms of activities among the non-European peoples. It will initiate investigations upon social, economic and other problems with a view to the accumulation of information and the dissemination of knowledge upon matters affecting racial relations in South Africa. The Adviser will be available for consultation and, when required, will give practical assistance to societies anxious to embark upon betterment schemes. The encouragement of agricultural development, the extension of health organization, the provision of recreational, educational and religious agencies will also be regarded as coming within the scope of the institute's activities."

Something has been said regarding slum conditions in Johannesburg, and the fact has been referred to that, for the most part, white people are interested in the African solely as a worker. What he does with his leisure time is not a matter which concerns the white man at all vitally.

Now, whoever captures the leisure time of the people gets the people in the long run. This is a commonplace not so commonly recognized. And the Devil has got, or is rapidly getting, the people. He is in full charge of the leisure time activities of the majority of the native people in Johannesburg and other South African towns. When the white man closes his place of business and the white mistress locks her door behind the house-boy after his day's work in her home, they say, in effect, to

the Devil: "Your Highness, we are through with our native servants. You can have them until such and such a time to-morrow (or Monday) morning. We have made your work as easy as possible. We have forbidden churches or social halls to be erected in our suburbs for 50,000 native servants, and have made no adequate provision for the recreation of 25,000 single native men working in our shops and stores and living in town. Take them and do what you wish with them." And His Satanic Majesty is quite obliging. He calls to his service his old *aides*, Drink and Vice, with all the regulation accompanying evils, and "gets" the red-blooded young men and women. Slum yards are breweries, selling foul liquor. They are dens of immorality, filled with loose women. They are the principal recreation grounds of the native people.

The drink situation in Johannesburg is growing steadily worse. The natives, from time immemorial, have brewed a mild beer in their country homes. They still do it in their homes in the country. To-day, the brewing and selling of any intoxicating drink is prohibited in urban areas—for natives. But this prohibition is impossible of enforcement. "Bootlegging" for whites has become a most attractive and rewarding profession. The 'legger doesn't have half the risks of his profession in America. He can purchase his wares in any bottle store, in broad daylight. Bottle stores are known to supply to single white men as much as five and six hundred bottles of liquor a day, for six days in

the week. He can dilute his stuff, rebottle it, and pack it for delivery on his premises with no fear of arrest. The only risk is being caught handing over his goods to natives. And here, with fast motor-cars, watchful native assistants at different points, it is only mildly exciting—not dangerous. Some liquor dealers have formed syndicates with efficient intelligence departments and employed touts who book orders and collect the cash. "Notwithstanding all our efforts," says Colonel W. H. Quirk, Divisional Criminal Investigation Officer for the Witwatersrand, "the traffic is growing and 800 is a conservative estimate of the number of Europeans engaged in illicit liquor dealing at the present time."

In many cases, the women in slum yards and native villages are the ultimate dispensers of this illicit liquor. They are protected by those higher up, and the profits, even for them, are handsome.

"It's almost impossible for us to live decently in Johannesburg," a Christian native woman said to me recently. "The temptation to sell this stuff is almost too strong. All the women around here are making a lot of money; buying pianos and gramophones and silk dresses. Because I am a Christian and try to go straight, I have to stand here day after day and kill myself washing." In addition to this temptation there is the example, on all sides, of pleasure-loving Europeans—and liquor drinking—living in luxury that is beyond the honest native's purse. "Prohibition is a lie," say the native folk. "If it's good for blacks, why

isn't it good for whites? So long as the white man has his liquor, we're going to have it, too."

It is due in part, not wholly of course, to the sentiment last mentioned above, that drink so quickly fastens upon native leaders. "Why shouldn't I drink? White men do. I'm not a child to be told not to do this thing when the white men enjoy all they want. It's only another colour bar and all colour bars are unjust." And so it comes about that (in the words of Professor Jabavu) "Most of the best educated Bantu leaders, past and present, have been lost to Africa through drink."

Said one of the best educated and cultured native men to me six months ago, "I find that my wife has become a liquor seller. Our home is now a regular den. If we can't get out and away from it all, and immediately, we'll never be able to have a happy home again." He couldn't get his wife out of the business. The home is now broken up; a divorce pending.

The way out? There is only one way out. "I'm not a teetotaller," said a mine manager to me a few days ago, "but because this thing is getting so serious for the natives, I'd vote total prohibition to-morrow if I had the chance!" Many people with whom I have discussed the matter have expressed the same conviction. It is the only way out for South Africa. When the white man decides to do without his drink, the black man will rest content to do without his—not before.

"It's the wine farmer in the Cape who is keeping

this country wet," people say. "We can't get even a local option law through Parliament because of their strong opposition." It looks as though the Devil is going to have a free hand in this disreputable game until the wine farmer in the Cape, and the white folk generally, realize the deadly seriousness of the situation, and/or the Christian churches unite to wipe drink off the South African map. This half-and-half prohibition is ruining the most valuable asset South Africa has—her native people.

Until this drink question is settled right, Christian religious and social agencies are fighting against overwhelming odds. The Devil has got hold of the big end of the stick and all we can do is to trip him up here and there and demonstrate how he might be downed and throttled if the decent people of the land really "got down to it."

One such experiment along social lines which has succeeded in defeating His Satanic Majesty in one small sector, is the Bantu Men's Social Centre, a plant for adapting the Young Men's Christian idea and programme to the needs of Johannesburg native men of the Gamma Sigma Club type.

As the result of the growth of the Gamma Sigma Club and other activities among the men and children, the need was felt for a central plant. We should have, we thought, a community centre building, in which meetings might be held, and which would provide recreational and educational features similar to those provided by the Y.M.C.A.

in America. We had some funds available, but it was our wish to make this contemplated plant non-sectarian in scope and enlist the co-operation and support of other religious bodies, as well as the business and mining interests in the city.

A provisional committee was accordingly formed under the chairmanship of Sir Ernest Chappell, with members from the leading religious societies and from the Chamber of Mines and the Chamber of Commerce. A campaign for funds met with a gratifying response. A site was granted by the Johannesburg Municipality, near the heart of the city, and a building erected.

Here in this "Bantu Men's Social Centre" are several Night School class-rooms, a tea and coffee counter, newspaper and game room, library, secretary's suite, shower-baths and a large gymnasium. In addition there is an outdoor athletic court for tennis, volley ball, etc. Hundreds of young men working in the shops, factories and stores in the city make use of this fine building. A European secretary is in charge, with a native assistant secretary. The enterprise is indicative of an awakening interest on the part of the white population toward the natives.

Christian Social workers have attempted in Johannesburg to develop a social service programme which shall keep a considerable number of native people wholesomely busy in their leisure hours. In addition to the activities at the Bantu Men's Social Centre, and using the Centre as one unit, a well-known Methodist missionary is rendering

a wide-spread service through organizing and supervising Night Schools in a half-dozen centres. Hundreds of native men, hungry for education, are finding that this missionary's methods of teaching English, etc., quickly make it possible for them to get a grip on some of the things they might have learned in school had they had a chance.

Annual Native Sports Days, with events for all, old and young, have been instituted by the Superintendent of the Randfontein Native Location, and, later, by the Native Affairs Department, Johannesburg. This Johannesburg Native Affairs Department has taken a step which should be followed by every South African city and town of any size. A native recreational director has been employed to organize and conduct leisure-time activities among the natives in the city. Football, cricket, and tennis leagues have been formed, and occasional athletic meetings planned at Christmas time in each of the three native villages or townships. Suitable directors for such work are practically unobtainable at present. But Mr Max Yergan, representative of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association work in Native Higher Institutions, is planning soon to train men to do work of this kind. These men should be placed as social work organizers by municipalities, and ample equipment placed at their disposal. "Training in the proper use of leisure time," the Phelps Stokes Commission on Africa pointed out, "is by no means a luxury." It is

not pampering the natives to organize their leisure time. They are "undermining their health and morals through a failure to use their non-working time in activities that build up their bodies and their character. It is not enough to teach the natives to work effectively. They must also be taught to play healthfully."

Of recent years a new sort of individual has appeared in native society—the person who is homeless and helpless, who has no home, no relatives, and is physically incapable of looking after himself or herself. In heathenism there were no individuals of this type; the family or the tribe were always responsible. But in the modern upheaval these detached souls have appeared, and have created quite a problem of their own. Thanks to Major H. S. Cooke, O.B.E., the Director of the Government Native Labour for the Witwatersrand, this problem has been satisfactorily solved for the Reef. Major Cooke captured an abandoned mine compound, equipped it with simple furniture, engaged a man and his wife for caretaker, obtained the financial support of his department and—it is a pleasure to visit the "Bantu Refuge."

Through a gift from the Carnegie Foundation, library facilities are to be made available for natives. For the Gold Reef this will mean, probably, one or two central depositories, as at the Bantu Men's Social Centre, with circulating libraries placed at locations and mines, along the seventy miles of gold-mines and towns. This will be an inestimable boon to the hundreds of native folk who have been

educated at higher schools, but who seem to be destined to spend their days in small wood-and-iron houses under mine-dumps. Such libraries will save them from intellectual stagnation.

A committee of thirteen (whose luck has held so far) has in hand for Johannesburg an enterprise made possible by the magnificent gift of eleven acres of land in the very heart of the city for a Native Sports Ground. Messrs Howard Pim and John L. Hardy, the donors, bought a large slice of a defunct mine, trimmed it round the edges, and presented the heart of it to the lucky thirteen for a recreation field for Bantu. Plans are now maturing for two football fields, tennis courts, club-house, stands, and swimming-bath.

In connection with this project should be mentioned an enterprise which gave a definite fillip to South African native sporting activities. It was early in 1928 that invitations were received by native organizations to take part in "The First African Games" to be held in Alexandria, Egypt, in April 1929. Enrolment forms were enclosed, prepared in several languages. These African Olympics were favoured with the High Patronage of H.M. The King, Fouad I, and sponsored by the International Olympic Committee.

The receipt of these announcements aroused great interest in South Africa. Why not send teams from here? It would be a great adventure to go to Egypt, meet other Africans, compete for continental honours. Investigation revealed the disconcerting fact that South Africa had nothing

to send except football teams, and perhaps some tennis players; nothing in the line of gymnastics, no cyclists, wrestlers, fencers, boxers, rowers, swimmers. So the invitation was declined, with regrets.

But the next continental games, we hope, will not find South Africa unprepared. There is a lot of good material to hand, we are positive. A small boy leaped eighteen feet three inches recently at a Pathfinder camp—his first broad jump. A high jumper has been developed at one of the native Training Schools who can clear the bar at six feet two inches. Every few weeks a group of bicycling enthusiasts hold a competition race between Johannesburg and Heidelberg, a total distance of fifty-seven miles, which they cover in a trifle over two hours. There is good athletic material lying dormant in Bantu youth.

A welcome sign of a definite awakening of interest on the part of white people in all these questions is the following resolution adopted at the last National Rotary Conference held in Durban: "Resolved, that the Conference recommends that the vitally important questions of native welfare be an integral part of Rotary's activities within the 55th District (South Africa), and that the European Native Welfare Societies and/or Joint Councils in the larger centres be recognized and supported in their laudable work in connection with the health, general hygiene and living conditions of the natives in urban areas." The Johannesburg Rotary Club has a live Native

Affairs Committee which is co-operating with the Joint Council and other bodies in considering the establishing of a Prisoners' Aid Society, a Venereal Disease Clinic, and other needed projects.

## CHAPTER X

### CHRISTIANITY AND GOLD-MINERS

Not far from Johannesburg is a small town by the name of Lindley—named after Rev. Daniel Lindley, one of the first missionaries to reach South Africa, some ninety years ago.

What was Dr Lindley's task? Nothing less than that of preaching the transforming message of the Gospel to the widely scattered Bantu millions. It was a bold task, requiring rare consecration and courage, yet so difficult of accomplishment! To reach even a small proportion of these people during the span of a man's life meant endless hours of tedious travel, on foot or horseback along paths winding in and out, over hills, beside small streams and large rivers, across the wide, grassy veldt, with only a few score of villages touched at the close of a week's constant touring.

We can imagine that some of the early itinerating missionaries as they went their solitary ways through the land might, unconsciously perhaps, have breathed this prayer: "O Lord, if Thou wouldst only bring these people together in some great place where Thy word might be preached to thousands instead of twos and threes and tens!"

If this prayer was ever prayed, it has been

answered in wonderful fashion. To-day, thousands of the Bantu people are gathered together in one great place. Representatives of every tribe, the young men of every village and almost of every home, are gathered into one tremendous centre where the Gospel may be preached to them.

This place is Johannesburg. And the most evident reason for the gathering is not that they may be preached to, but that they may descend into the depths of the earth and mine the white man's gold. For here, thirty-five great mining companies are releasing, annually, £40,000,000 worth of gold, sending long shafts down into the Witwatersrand (the White Waters Ridge) to depths of 7000 feet and over.

Most of these great mines are what mining men call "low-grade," the gold being so thinly distributed through the rock that only cheap labour can make them pay. This cheap labour is available in the persons of black men from the Bantu tribes. And they come by hundreds of thousands to do the rough, heavy work of getting vast quantities of gold-bearing rock from the subterranean regions. Ample evidence of their energy and competence are the great yellow bars of gold, destined for vaults in London, or New York, and the vast mountains, rivalling the Pyramids in size, representing the residue of crushed rock after the gold has been extracted.

On the great Johannesburg ridge or hill, 6000 feet above the sea, 200,000 Bantu men are at work at any one time in the gold-mines. These young

fellows come for a limited stay, their contract calling for one year of work. At the end of this contract period they are encouraged to return home in order that they may rid their lungs of the mine dust which they have been breathing, and which is the cause of " Miner's Phthisis," a terrible, lingering, lung disease. But if these workers return to the mines again they are given a bonus in the shape of an increase in wages. This induces many of them to return to the mines again and again.

But here is the picture: a horde of men, all young and mostly heathen, gathered from a dozen tribes and speaking as many tongues; away from home, from parents, children, wives; and face to face with that composite of goodness and badness which we call " civilization."

My wife and I saw the picture painted in real life when we arrived in South Africa in 1918. Our guide was that great missionary and man of vision, Dr F. B. Bridgman. In his company, on a pitch-dark night, we visited one of the great compounds, or enclosures, in which some 4000 of these mine workers were staying. From the groups seated about the glowing fires rose a babel of sound, a continuous buzz of strange language. These thousands of labourers seated just outside the doors of their rooms were resting from their day's work; were enjoying the heat from their burning braziers; were talking, talking, talking! Hours and hours of talk, from four or five o'clock in the afternoon, until bedtime. Nothing really to

talk about of a worth-while, wholesome nature. Just aimless talk.

"Well," we asked, "what is the Devil doing to keep these fellows busy? This is surely too good a chance for him to lose. In a similar situation at home he would be in the job."

In answer, Dr Bridgman showed us the gambling groups in the corner, entirely absorbed in their card play for money stakes; the tins full of strong drink carefully hidden to keep them from the watchful eyes of the police; the covered enclosures within the rooms where unnatural vice was being practised. The drinks interested us: common native drinks blended with pine-apple juice, yeast, malt, etc., to give them a terrible kick, and charged with tobacco juice, calcium carbide and any other available ingredients to give them a biting taste.

In one corner of the compound weird, unusual noises issued forth, accompanied by the clapping of hands. We walked over and saw a perspiring line of Basutos, almost naked, writhing, stamping and grunting through a snake-like dance. Their straining muscles and staring eyes reminded us of what we had already heard of the religion of fear, and the dance as one way of approach to the spiritual world. They had brought with them to this great mining centre their whole world of spirits.

Then Dr Bridgman quietly opened a door and we were in another atmosphere entirely. In this room was a sane, industrious group of some thirty young fellows hard at work learning their A B C.

A little blackboard was propped up on a rickety table, and one of the lot was leading the others into that unexplored land of mystery, the white man's language.

"One of our Church groups," Dr Bridgman explained. "We have a room in each compound where our Christian boys have their prayer-meetings and Night Schools." This was a link in the chain of some 150 meeting-places, churches and chapels, which had been organized and built by him to provide spiritual lighthouses in this great area. We were later to see something of the vast extent of the evangelistic enterprise; that of our own Church and the parallel work of other organizations.

We knelt in prayer with this earnest Christian group before we left, Dr Bridgman praying in their language that they might be kept clean in the midst of so much contamination, and asking a blessing upon the parents and loved ones far away in the country districts.

As we went out past the gleaming, open fires, past the chatting groups, and stopped again to see the frenzied dancers, still at it, Dr Bridgman said to us: "Remember that this is only one of many similar groups. There are sixty-one all told. And during long hours of leisure these young fellows have nothing to do but get into trouble. If we have anything in the way of Christian social service activities to project into this situation which will give these young fellows something clean and wholesome to think about and talk about during these hours, we shall be rendering a Christian

service. We must capture the physical and mental life of these young men during six days of the week, besides preaching the Gospel to them on the seventh."

The need stared at us from every side. But we couldn't see much light when it came to method. We began our experiments. We provided ourselves with volley ball and football, got permission from two or three compound managers to visit their compounds, and then for several months tried to interest the men in afternoon athletics. But athletics in the late afternoon were a failure. The reason was the mountain of food eaten by each of the workers at about 4.30, immediately after they came up to the surface from underground. It was not until later in the evening, when this food had been partly digested, that the men wanted recreation. Of course, by that time it would be dark.

Then we turned to evening games—all sorts. Not only active games and stunts, but such quiet, old-fashioned games as "Hunt the Thimble" and "Who's got the Ring?" We never knew what a tremendous game the former was until we tried it on a thousand or so Bantu. It was a circus! These games were appreciated. Even to-day, eight years and more after those evenings were abandoned, individuals come to us with eager questions: "*Wo buya nini, Mfundisi, ukuba si dhlale futi kusihlwa?* (When will you come back and play with us in the evenings?) *Hawu, sa hleka ngalezoʒikati!* (Wow, how we laughed then!)" But we always had in mind, even in the middle of a hot game, the other

sixty compounds which we couldn't reach because of lack of helpers.

Then we tried the magic lantern. This, too, was popular, but open to the same objection: lack of helpers to reach the total group, lack of suitable slides, even if we got the workers.

Then we tried the " movies "—the cinema. We had been disturbed to see the erection of the first of a chain of commercial moving-picture theatres right outside the gates of some of these big compounds. We saw the kind of films which were being shown in these theatres—low-grade, suggestive stuff that seemed to be gleaned from the gutters of the world; the worst products of English, American and continental studios.

We realized that we could do little, if anything, to deter the natives from attending these places by preaching against them, so we moved to preoccupy the field. We bought a portable outfit, carefully selected some programmes of films, and put on free shows right in the middle of the compound enclosures in the open air.

The result was immediate and gratifying. The thousands gathered around the screen and showed their appreciation by filling the compounds so full of joyful sound that outsiders often decided that a riot was occurring. With amazed delight the happy crowds went off on trips on the modern magic carpet to other lands; saw the surf riders of Honolulu, the explorers in the Arctic, the reindeer of Lapland, and the potter's wheel in India. They followed with quaking breath the adventures of

some of the early pioneers among the Indians in Western America; saw King George go to open Parliament in his curious equipage. But they shook their heads at pictures of mining in England and America, showing white men at work with pick and shovel and drill: "Ai kona! No, that is not right! Mfundisi is fooling us here! No white man works like that. Only black men!"

The white officials of the mines became interested in this experiment—some who had been indifferent to other forms of mission activity.

Mr X, an efficient compound manager, for instance, never had any time for missionaries. He never granted a favour to one; hated the sight of one in his offices. I went to see him; introduced myself; gave him my card.

"So you are another of these —— missionaries!" he fired at me.

I said I was a missionary.

"Well, what do you want? Be brief!"

I told him I wanted his permission to come to his compound and give his native workers a programme of moving pictures. I explained what I was doing in the other compounds.

"Nothing doing!" he snapped.

I remonstrated, courteously, said I knew he was interested in the welfare of his men, and surely wouldn't object to allowing them to have a good time.

He looked up again from his desk. "How do you propose to sell tickets?" he asked.

"I'm not going to sell tickets," I answered.

" How're you going to take up your collection? "

I explained we were not going to take a collection.

" Well, what're you going to get out of it? "

I told him we were going to get nothing out of it except the satisfaction of giving his workers a wholesome good time and of discovering whether the films had the same appeal for his natives as for the others.

" Do you know what happened to the last fellow who tried to put on a stunt for my natives? "

I didn't know.

" Well, we had him taken off to the lock-up." And he glared my way.

I stuck, and finally he gave in, with various threats as to what would happen if he caught me trying any monkey-business among his natives.

With motor-cycle and side-car I motored to the compound on the night specified. No one was ready to render assistance. It was a dark night and I had difficulty in locating a ladder. Then I climbed up on the outside of the high kitchen wall, nailed my cloth screen on the brick surface, shinnied up an electric light pole and inserted the plug at the end of my wire. I begged a table from the natives in one of the rooms.

When all was ready, I went around and drummed up some customers, inviting the natives to come over to the kitchen and see some " living pictures." I got perhaps a hundred.

I started my projector and directed the gaze of my little crowd to the screen. Dumbfounded, they watched in silence the appearance of a slow-

moving elephant, walking as naturally across the kitchen wall as in his jungle haunts. Then the storm broke: "*Indhlovu!!!* (Elephant) *Hawu! Mame!* (Wow! Mother of Mine!) *Hawu!*" They covered their mouths with their hands in amazement, only removing them to let out an explosive comment.

Other animals followed the elephant. The terrible uproar was heard all over the compound, and every last man hurried up, full of curiosity.

During the showing of the second reel of topicals I happened to look toward the compound gate, and noticed that the compound manager, Mr X, had come in and was looking on.

Following an interesting story of a child and her dog, came Charlie Chaplin, then a native sketch, "A Zulu's Devotion," with a fine appeal. As the last spool snapped off, I told the crowd that our show was finished and bade them good night. Their gratitude was tumultuous. They quieted down and wanted to know when I was coming again. "*Wo buya ngomso, na, Mfundisi?* (Will you come back to-morrow?) That was the usual question and I was prepared for it.

But I was hardly prepared for the same question from Mr X. He came up as I was packing up and asked: "When are you coming again?"

"Oh, I'll have to let you know later. I'm covering a good many compounds and I have other things to do. Maybe I can get back in a month's time."

"Wish you could make arrangements to come

back next week. Say, but these fellows enjoyed that! Why, they're dead hungry for this sort of thing! You've *got* to come next week! I'll have no peace until you do, after to-night!"

I told him then that he could hasten the showing of these films all along the Gold Reef by reporting to his manager the success of the show, and expressing his opinion as favourable to the general extension of regular shows in the compounds. He did this. And, in passing, I would say that there is no better friend of the missionary to-day than Mr X. He has seen the missionary do something he could appreciate, and he is willing to believe that the rest of the missionary's work may be of value.

After nine months of such demonstration we approached the Chamber of Mines, the central mining authority, and made this proposition: We said that we were willing, as a society, to undertake the organizing of a film circuit on the mines, to purchase equipment, employ the twenty operators necessary to make possible weekly programmes, and to censor carefully every foot of film shown in the compounds, *provided* they would pay the bill.

The Chamber of Mines considered, consulted the mine managers, and told us to go ahead. This meant an expenditure of £1500 for apparatus, and an annual expenditure of £5000 per year. Inside of a year, clean, wholesome moving pictures were being shown regularly in each of the great compounds. The shows have consisted of a mixture

of topicals, interest and dramatic films, enlivened by comedies and acrobatic reels. We have made several Safety First films, which show how accidents are caused on the mines and how to prevent them.

We have often thought that one of the main things which the natives get from our bioscope shows on the Reef is a sense of *discrimination.* Occasionally the films are stories in which a villain and a hero contend for honours. White men are shown as heroes, also as villains. We have both in the white race, unfortunately, and it is just as well for the native people to know it, and early. We are all apt to lump people of another race all together, label them all good or all bad. If one native talks wildly, there are many generalizing whites to say, "There you are! The natives are a nuisance, or a menace!" Lacking a knowledge of a large number of individuals among the other race, they bunch them together as dangerous. In the same way the native people are prone to judge all white folk by the swearing boss whose fists they have felt. "All white men are like that!" they say. Or, having known only the missionary whose disinterested motives they have learned to appreciate, it is natural for them to say, "All white men are like uMfundisi." Now, it is good for them to learn the facts and to be able to make their way and deal with good and bad whites, carefully discriminating between them. The moving picture helps to inculcate this valuable sense of discrimination.

And on Sunday evenings we are making much

use of our "Manger to the Cross" film of the Life of Christ, joining with missionaries of other societies in visiting a certain compound. These beautiful pictures are flashed on to the screen, two or three interpreters translate the titles into the leading native tongues, and then one or two missionaries make the appeal at the close to these silent, reverent crowds of men. The young men of a race! . . . face to face with the loving invitation of the Master of Men to leave all and follow Him! These are great nights.

The organization of this moving-picture circuit, providing free, outdoor programmes for the masses, has, of course, entirely eliminated the questionable influence of the commercial moving-picture theatres which we had so feared at first. They have left the natives and gone elsewhere.

During the Great Strike of 1922 in the Johannesburg Gold-Mines the movies had a new role to fill—that of peacemaker. This strike was a protest by the white miners' union against the cutting out of certain superfluous whites by the mine management. It was purely a white man's quarrel.

But while the white men fought, the mines were idle. That meant that these 200,000 native miners had nothing to do but sit about all day. It was the hope of the extreme element among the strikers that the natives would become so restive that they would break out and destroy property and wreck the mines. What they hoped was a very real possibility. These 200,000 black men, their animal energies accumulating day by day and with no

outlet, might well get so restive that they would "start something."

When the strike was declared we were asked by the Chamber of Mines to speed up the showing of films. This meant reorganization of the circuit to permit of each operator putting on many shows each week in his centres. We speeded up. We also injected the Cage Ball into the situation in certain compounds—the great ball game for mobs where 4000 and more play in one game.

But a critical time developed. The extremely bitter element in the ranks of the white strikers got tired of waiting for the natives to arise, and attempted to goad them into action. They wantonly attacked a mine compound, the "New Primrose," fired on the natives, and killed and wounded a number.

It looked then as though they would achieve their dastardly purpose. We got word that the natives in the compound were furious, that they were forging weapons, and intended to retaliate that night! White residents on the New Primrose property were vacating their homes in fear of this attack, some entrenching themselves on the tops of the mine-dumps. Then the movies moved in the direction of peace.

We 'phoned to the operator who covered the New Primrose circuit, asking if he was willing to go to the New Primrose that evening and attempt to put on a programme of films. He said he was. We made up, then, a solid two-hour programme of fun—all the comedies we could pack into it.

We obtained, with some difficulty, from the military officials, a permit which would pass us through the guards surrounding the mine territory. Early that evening the operator, Mr V. Futcher, joined us and together we motored the five miles to the New Primrose. We got through the police and militia, and then were met by the compound manager, who told us we were fools for risking our lives in this fashion. The compound was as hot as a wasp's nest, a good place to keep away from. The natives didn't want pictures; they wanted "blood."

We could hear the noise long before we reached the compound. The war dance was being danced, and we heard the clanging of new weapons. We stopped outside the barred gate. The gateman, a burly native, recognized us and approached.

"Why have you come to-night?" he asked. "Don't you know what has happened? There will be no pictures to-night. Go back home."

"Oh, but listen!" we said. "We've got 'SiDakwa' with us!" "SiDakwa" means "little drunken man," and is the name, untruthfully and we fear libellously, applied by the natives to Charlie Chaplin.

"Hmmmmm!" The gateman was thoughtful. "You've got SiDakwa, have you?" Too bad he happened to come to-night, for he didn't come round half often enough.

Word of SiDakwa's arrival got inside the gate. Here was "Goba"—the name used here for the moving-picture operator—and he had SiDakwa

with him! There was a jumble of talk, above which some strident voices demanded that they have time to see SiDakwa before going out to kill.

Finally the gate was opened a foot and we squeezed through with our apparatus. We shivered as we made our way to the projection stand and prepared our equipment. The compound had been turned into a munitions plant. A few, comparatively, gathered around us, and they were silent. Not the usual happy crowd.

The lights went out and the picture flashed on. Sure enough, there was SiDakwa! For a moment only the silence continued, then uproar! Listeners far outside the compound trembled. Were the natives coming out? It was an attack, but an attack by the film comedian on the outraged feelings of the New Primrose workers. Soon all the 4000 were shouting themselves sick with laughter as they watched Charlie, Larry Semon, Buster Keaton, and others do their funny stuff. Never was there such a treat; so many laughs. At the end of two hours the compound was limp and weak from shouting, the vengeful spirit had long since vanished, and the great crowd bade us good night in the usual joyous way—many still laughing. There was no murder that night at the New Primrose.

In addition to the showing of these films in the mine compounds, the enterprise has grown until to-day we are providing specially-censored film programmes to sixty other places outside the mines. These include points in Johannesburg: reforma-

tories, gaols, police barracks, hospitals, orphanages, and municipal compounds and locations. We send films by rail to Natal, there to show them in the Durban native locations and Natal sugar mills; then back to Pietermaritzburg; then they are seen by 800 lepers at Pretoria, and again in the Cape leper institution at Emjanyana; then 1500 miles north to Rhodesia, where they spend five months in the gold, copper and coal mines; they are seen by insane folk, by the poverty-stricken, and by hundreds being treated for venereal disease. It takes over a year for films to complete this circuit. We estimate that these films, every foot of which is censored by us, are shown to between a quarter and a half-million young men and women every week. And to representatives of a dozen tribes, for the picture is the universal language.

A significant experiment is now under way in one of the big mine compounds; one of 6000 men. The Chamber of Mines has employed, to work under missionary supervision, a young man to demonstrate the kind of leisure time activities which can be adapted to these hordes of young men at night. Mr P. C. van Haght has studied the situation, has made the acquaintance of his 6000 clients, and come into immediate grips with their needs through a large oral English class. He is embarking now on outdoor activities under the bright lights of specially installed lamps, and aided by a giant, highly amplified gramophone generously provided by an overseas friend of the missionary. Mr van Haght's task is that of utilizing for good the free

time of all his 6000 men. He has at his disposal material for active and quiet games, mass singing and instrumental music, dramatics, the cinema, Night Schools, Bible Classes, religious meetings, etc., and occasionally importing a drama or boxing match from outside. When the value of such intensive social service work has been demonstrated, we feel we can confidently approach the Chamber of Mines, suggesting that a social service worker be engaged for each of the big mine compound groups. We feel that they will do this when they see what can be done. Think of the challenging opportunity!—that of enlisting the whole 200,000 mine workers in clean, worth-while activities, physical, mental, spiritual!

# CHAPTER XI

## THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH

It is a perfect spring morning in Durban, Natal. Four men carefully pack a tripod and large leather case into a waiting motor-car, and prepare for a day of adventure. The four are Dr J. B. M'Cord, Dr James Dexter Taylor, a Government Inspector of Schools, and the writer. We are off to capture on the cinema film, if possible, some of the daily " doin's " of a native medical man, for incorporation into a film which we have been preparing of Mission medical work among the Zulus.

A stimulating trip of forty miles brings us as far as motor-car can. Now we must walk. A bargain closed with two or three native men who are standing about disposes of the problem of carrying the equipment—also the question of guides. We want to go to the kraal of the most famous of the Zulu herbalists and doctors—Hlambisinye Shangase. They know the place well.

Then we " hit the trail," heading directly into the sun. Hardly a foot of the path is on the level; it is slipping, sliding down, or toiling slowly up, a hill. Slowly we put behind us mile after mile. Whew! It's hot! Our guides tell us that our destination is " Just over there." But from previous

experience we know that "Just over there" to a native may be anything from one mile to twenty-five.

Our direction changes. The sun is now behind our backs. How we envy the dress of our guides. Nothing on but a monkey-tail *umutsha* fastened round their waists. The height of good sense!

Now we can see the home of the doctor. A big circle of native huts, high up on a steep hillside. A curious place for a doctor's consulting rooms! Patients must have a good deal of life still in them if they would consult this most famous of doctors.

When, after another hour of tramping, our band of adventurers crawl into the kraal, we are a breathless, perspiring lot. But our hopes are still high, and we ask if the doctor is at home. Highly gratified, we find he is.

Presently he appears, but dressed not at all as we had hoped. He has on a dirty, white shirt and ill-fitting pair of white man's trousers. He looks very common and ordinary. We state the object of our visit—to photograph him doing some "doctoring." We talk and talk, urge and flatter. Reluctantly, he finally consents. We ask if he will also put on his regulation "witch-doctor's" outfit. He is not too pleased, but finally says he will.

Then we sit around and wait. The kraal is full of people, some undergoing treatment, others come to get advice regarding matrimonial matters. But the bulk of the inhabitants seem to be Hlambisinye's family. In this one kraal (the doctor has two) are twenty-five grass huts, nine wives, and

a host of children. Verily a rich man! How many wives there are in the doctor's other kraal, and how many relatives of all these wives are supported by the amiable medical man, we cannot discover. We are informed by a wrinkled old wreck of a man that to have peace in so large a family it is necessary to have two kraals, like Hlambisinye. If a wife cannot get along peacefully with the other wives in one of the kraals, send her to the other for a spell. Keep them moving about and you will have peace. It seems a sound idea.

Just now the doctor is busy dispensing wisdom to a group of men in the centre of the kraal. Eventually the group dissolves and our doctor goes into a hut to prepare himself for his little exhibition before us.

When he reappears we are delighted. This is what we wanted! Dressed in his skins, with *igwalagwala* feathers on his head, and his hands full of potent charms and medicines, Hlambisinye is a transformed man. It would do a sick man good merely to look at him! We hasten to point our camera his way.

Smiling, he asks us what we wish him to show us. We have noticed a patient with an enlarged knee which Dr M'Cord pronounces " tubercular." We ask the obliging doctor to show us how he is treating this case.

He immediately draws from his bag a sharp instrument and proceeds to cut with little jabs the skin on the patient's knee. This done, he draws

from his collection of medicines some bitter concoction which must have a terrible "bite." He rubs some on the open cuts. The patient stiffens up as if to cry aloud. With mouth open wide his face shows his agony! But not a word of protest does he utter. He stands like a stone statue until the doctor has finished his treatment.

One of our party, standing near Hlambisinye, picks up the knife which has been used to cut the skin. It resembled—yes, it surely was—a rusty stay from a woman's corset!

Next we witness the cure for stomach complaints and indigestion. A pot containing about two gallons of water, surcharged with medicines, is placed before the sufferer. He is told to drink this, all of it—at once! Of course the stomach rebels at being filled to twice its capacity, and the whole mixture is forced out of mouth and nose with geyser-like effect.

We then see pain drawn from a woman's arm by "cupping," using a cow's horn. The doctor places the large end of the horn over the place where the pain, or the "biting," is located. He then sucks the other end. After he has sucked a certain length of time, he withdraws the horn and a beetle is found inside the horn or on the sore spot. It is this beetle that did the "biting" in the patient's arm. Now all will be well.

We find a young woman in the kraal who has come for a headache cure. We ask the doctor to allow us to see how it is administered. It proved to be a sure remedy. We can heartily recommend

it to anyone suffering from headache, chronic or otherwise.

Hlambisinye tells the young woman to kneel before him. He parts her hair and selects a sharp knife (not the corset stay this time). With this knife he cuts a long gash in the top of her head about three inches long. And with the side of the knife blade he scrapes the bone. Then he cuts another gash and scrapes away. The girl quivers with pain, hiding her face in her hands. The blood flows in a stream. This is the headache cure; no medicines—simply let out the pain! What could be simpler! Dr M'Cord feels so sorry for the girl that he hands her ten shillings in silver. This is an immediate and powerful antidote, relieving the pain like magic, for the smile on her face lasts until we leave.

Then we see the grinding of medicines. Learning that Dr M'Cord is the famous doctor from Durban to whom members of his own kraal frequently go for assistance, Hlambisinye asks him to advise regarding certain cases which he finds difficult. He brings two children, one with a club foot, the other with paralysed legs, and a half-dozen others whom the native doctor cannot cure. The two doctors hold consultations together; the one representing the highest refinement of native herbalistic lore and superstition, the other the scientific, Christian physician and surgeon.

Dr M'Cord is surprised to find the astute Hlambisinye gravely using a stethoscope. He asks for the loan of it, his being in the motor-car. He

puts it to his ears, and holds it to a patient's chest. Not a sound can be heard! He unscrews the sound-receiver and out falls a nest of small spiders. Completely choked with insects and dirt! Did Dr Hlambisinye look at Dr M'Cord with a knowing look as much as to say, "Of course, we doctors know these things are no good, but we've got to fool them?"

These consultations between the doctors continue until the sun has fallen low in the West. We bid the doctor "good-bye," hand him a few pieces of money for his services, and toil back to the motor-car.

As we motor back to town we discuss among ourselves the tremendous need among the Bantu for trained doctors. Dr M'Cord has seen this need so vividly that he is agitating and educating continually for the establishment of a Medical School in South Africa for the training of native doctors.

He tells us that 1000 trained doctors are needed to-day by the natives. He estimates that there are in Natal alone about 4000 of these native medical men, like Hlambisinye, of whom 1250 are actually licensed to practise by the Government at a fee of £3 per annum. These native doctors too often combine in their medical practice the arts of the heathen witch-doctor. It is readily recognized that the profession of herbalist and witch-doctor are logically practised by the same individual when it is kept in mind that no disease is caused by natural processes. Pain is the "biting" of an insect, et cetera. Disease and death is caused by

magic or witchcraft. Our kitchen-girl, for instance, develops a swollen arm. What's the reason? "Why," she confesses reluctantly, "Harry Ngcobo threw some magic dust at me after church yesterday!" We see Harry Ngcobo. "Did you doctor Martha yesterday after church?" He is surprised. "No, I don't use heathen powders, I'm a Christian." "Didn't you?" asks Martha, greatly relieved. "No, I did not!" says Ngcobo. We go home and the arm quickly subsides to normal size!

Since the trip to Hlambisinye's kraal, just described, a strong Government Commission under the Chairmanship of Dr C. T. Loram, has recommended the creating of a Medical School for the training of native doctors and medical assistants at the Witwatersrand University. Further, the Commission recommends the establishment of a Government native medical service incorporating existing Mission hospitals, of which there are a considerable, though totally inadequate number, in the country. Plans for the creating of this Native Medical Department at Johannesburg are nearing completion. Overseas foundations have been interested in the scheme.

"Disease knows no distinction of race or colour," says the Report of this Government Medical Commission. "Its presence among any section of the people endangers the whole community. Masses of natives live and die without any adequate treatment of disease. Infantile and maternal mortality are excessively high. One magistrate has stated that the death-rate has actually

overtaken the birth-rate in one district!" The Commission appeals to white South Africa to interest itself in the thing because of dangers that lie ahead. There is, first of all, the fear that infectious and contagious diseases may originate in native areas and spread to the white. There is, secondly, the deterioration and eventual failure of the labour supply.

These appeals to the selfish interests of the white: "Guard your own health," and "Guard your profits," are valid, of course, and they should get response. But they should not be necessary in a Christian country. The mere fact that human beings are living and dying in pain and misery without the blessings of medical treatment and hospital care should be enough. That club-footed baby in Hlambisinye's kraal, condemned to hobble for life! That young man whose every step was pain, that we saw on a previous trip! They could have been put right by simple operations. The long years of pain and despair that might be alleviated by providing some of the good things that we enjoy in such abundance—the knowledge of that should be enough without appealing to "safety first" and to our pocket-books.

"But natives who live in the bosom of Nature are never so ill as we are, and do not feel the pain so much." That's what many of us think, if we think at all about the subject.

That is what his friends told Dr Albert Schweitzer, that wonderfully-gifted German doctor, when he decided to give up his University professorship

and his music, and plunge into the Central African swamps to relieve distress.

"But I have come to see," says Dr Schweitzer, "that such statements are not true. Out here (in Africa) there prevail most of the diseases that we know in Europe, and several of them—those hideous ones, I mean, which we brought here—produce, if possible, more misery than they do amongst us. And the child of Nature feels them as we do, for to be human means to be subject to the power of that terrible lord whose name is Pain. Physical misery is great everywhere out here.

"We civilized people," continues Dr Schweitzer, "have been spoilt. If any one of us is ill, the doctor comes at once. If an operation is necessary, the door of some hospital or other opens to us immediately. But let every one of us reflect on the meaning of the fact that out here millions and millions live without help or hope of it. Every day thousands and thousands endure the most terrible sufferings, though medical science could avert them. Every day there prevails in many and many a far-off hut a despair which we could banish. Will each one think what the last ten years of his family history would have been if they had been passed without medical or surgical help of any sort? It is time that we should awake from slumber and face our responsibilities!"[1] The Christian world is to-day awaking to its responsibilities to the African. White South Africans are increasingly sensitive to calls for help.

[1] *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest*, p. 170.

Mrs F. B. Bridgman has found this to be true in her appeals on behalf of Johannesburg's native mothers. The non-European hospital, a section of the General Johannesburg Hospital, provides no accommodation for expectant mothers. Children are born under conditions that are responsible in large measure for the appalling infant mortality—from 46 per cent. to 70 per cent. die the first year in Johannesburg.

An appeal to overseas friends by Mrs Bridgman for contributions for a hospital to meet this need brought a generous response. The Johannesburg mining and business community responded well to appeals. The Johannesburg Municipality and the Transvaal Provincial Council gave grants-in-aid. To-day a beautiful building, "The Bridgman Memorial Hospital," in memory of Dr Frederick B. Bridgman, stands as a testimony to the interest which white people feel toward suffering African womanhood.

"You simply must see Romulus and Remus," says Dr Ethel Smith, the doctor in charge, as you enter this hospital. "They are simply too lovely for anything!" The doctor takes us to the tiny cribs, one for Romulus, the other for his brother, and we look down on two small noses. Their mother rests in a nearby bed. They are all sleeping peacefully in snow-white blankets. They arrived at two o'clock this morning. The mother was found in labour on one of Johannesburg's streets! Three-fourths of all the cases dealt with at the Bridgman Memorial are abnormal, or police cases

like this one. A week ago, three pairs of twins made their appearance on the same day. Suitable names for pairs of twins have long since been exhausted. Somewhere in Johannesburg or outside can be found Dante and Beatrice, Romeo and Juliet, Viola and Sebastian, Castor and Pollux, Esther and Timothy, and others.

A valuable contribution to the health needs of native people in Johannesburg slums is that begun a few years ago by Madame Crinsoz de Cottens, wife of a prominent Johannesburg doctor, and herself a highly qualified doctor. She volunteered herself for dispensary service for every afternoon in the week. The next step was the arrival of Miss Ruth Cowles, R.N., for work in the slum yards, where the presence of filth and vermin make home visitation by a nurse as valuable and necessary as the doctor's diagnosis and prescription. Miss Cowles started clinics in several other centres.

The Johannesburg Municipality, acting under the advice of Mr Graham Ballenden, its Manager for Native Affairs, has now instituted a medical service in its three Native Locations, placing doctors and nurses at the service of all the people who wish it on the payment of sixpence per month. This is a great boon. Clinics to the number of seven or eight are being conducted in as many needy districts by different missionary societies.

The question of health, as well as nearly every other native question, is intimately related with those basic considerations of housing, wages, and land. A few days ago the Johannesburg newspapers

called attention to the " deplorably persistent record of outbreaks of typhus in certain Native Locations, and among natives living in kraals in widely separated areas of all the provinces."

Typhus is a dirt disease, transmitted by vermin, and the editor of the Johannesburg *Star*, South African born and familiar with native conditions, traces these persistent occurrences of typhus " to conditions in which so many of our natives are forced to live, in overcrowded and poverty-stricken dwellings and often in places where the deficiency of water supplies render cleanliness almost impossible. Every interest," says the editor, " demands a higher standard of living for our native people, and this cannot be attained as long as we accept a system based on low wages and low ideas of what is good enough for housing natives."

## CHAPTER XII

### CHRISTIANITY AND LEGISLATION

"DANIEL! Come over here, please. I want to speak to you." I'm calling my native assistant. He comes.

"Daniel, have you ever been in gaol?"

He is surprised at the question, but smiles, then—"Yes, sir."

"What were you put into gaol for?" I ask.

"Why, one day I went out without a pass."

"How long did you stay there?"

"One night. Next day I paid my fine—ten shillings."

"Is that the only time you were in gaol?"

"No, another time I was riding my bicycle without lights. I was in another night. Fined next morning."

I call one of our house servants. "Manzini, have you ever been in gaol?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

"No pass."

"Time" is called from the garden. "Time," I say, "have you ever been in gaol?"

He smiles. "Yes, sir."

"What for? Did you go out without a pass?"

"Yes, sir."

Here are one native assistant and two house servants, as honest and trustworthy as anyone could wish. They have the keys to our home, go in and out when they please. We have left them in charge of the house for weeks, when we have been away. Absolutely trustworthy.

Yet—all three of them are thoroughly acquainted with the inside of a gaol; have spent nights there; have had to pay fines or go to prison for a week or a fortnight.

If I were a naturalized citizen of South Africa, which I am not, and if I were not so conscious of my obligation to the Government for being allowed to stay and work among the native people—I say if I were a citizen and not a guest, the temptation would be irresistible to dip my pen in red ink and launch out in fierce protest against legislation which is rapidly making criminals of thousands of unsuspecting native folk.

It is with the exercise of considerable restraint, therefore, that I will confine myself to repeating, second hand, for the purpose of record, what South Africans have themselves said, and to state some of the principles that must be considered in framing legislation in future along Christian lines.

"Our system of punishment is antiquated and out of date," declared Mr Justice Krause, at the Pretoria Criminal Sessions, on 4th November 1929. "I think 95 per cent. of our prisons date back to the time when revenge and torture were customary, and I think they ought to be 'scrapped' for the

benefit of our native population. The number of statutory offences created by our legislature is so appalling that it is a problem which the legislature will have to face some day."

"Such sentences," says the Rand *Daily Mail* of 22nd September 1929, "as the fine of £2 (or a fortnight's imprisonment) passed by a Johannesburg Magistrate a few days ago on a native caught without a pass, belong quite frankly to a code of punishment which enlightened people regard as both stupid and slightly barbarous."

"One of the causes of crime in this country," says Mr C. D. Don, of the Johannesburg *Star*, "is the fact that youthful natives often have to go to gaol for trivial offences. They are not criminal to begin with, but they are brought into close contact with criminals, and many of them drift into a life of crime."

Let me cite two examples of what is meant, quoting from the newspapers of the last few days.

Number one: "On Thursday twelve little native boys were sent to gaol for ten days because they could not pay a fine of £1 each imposed upon them for offering to carry passengers' luggage at the railway station without having obtained authority from the Railway Administration to do so.

"If these little boys had caused an obstruction, and had refused to desist, they might have been reasonably punished, but not with a fine equal to the fine imposed upon a wealthy European who commits a deliberate breach of the motoring laws. It is probable that not one of these little boys has

ever possessed a shilling, and that they should be so severely punished for disproving the frequent slander that natives do not willingly seek for work, is in itself a startling fact."

Again (quoting): "'Mack' is a cocopan boy employed at the Crown Mines. He is passionately fond of animals. One day this week his brother, who works at a sausage factory in the centre of the city, told Mack that he had a little kitten to give him. Mack was delighted, and on Thursday night he set out from the Crown Mines compound to fetch the kitten. On his return journey, with a five weeks' old bundle of fluffiness nestling in his arms, Mack came across a constable. The constable asked Mack for his pass. Mack had forgotten to get one at the compound before he left." To summarize a long story. "Mack and the kitten were taken to the police station; next morning charged with being out at night without a pass, and Mack was fined £2 or a fortnight's imprisonment. He went to prison. Fortunately, a reporter published the story, a member of the S.P.C.A. paid Mack's fine, and he and the kitten were united with great mutual joy."

You see a gang of from 20 to 50 native prisoners marching down the street under guard. The question involuntarily comes to mind, "How many, if any, of these natives are really criminally inclined?" Or, how many, like Mack, were simply "out of luck," unwittingly falling afoul one of the many puzzling laws for their control, and now well on their way to becoming criminals.

"The whole system of fining natives heavily for technical offences should be overhauled," says the *Star*. "Under existing conditions we are simply putting the State to unnecessary expense and familiarizing natives who are not criminals in any sense with the inside of a gaol."

Regarding the Pass Laws; Government officials, missionary bodies, Joint Councils and Inter-racial Conferences have united in asking for their repeal, substituting temporarily, if necessary, a single life-long identification certificate in the place of the present puzzling multitude of permit papers.

Another prolific source from which a stream of natives is steadily directed prisonward, is the legislation embodied in the Native Labour Regulation Acts which regard as a *criminal* offence the breaking of a labour contract. One hundred and fifteen mattress workers strike for higher wages—they are surrounded by police and taken to gaol—charged next morning with "unlawfully absenting themselves from work." Opinion is divided as to the necessity for this legislation. The primary reasons advanced in its favour are (1) that the native generally has no assets which it is practicable to seize by civil action, and (2) that "a lengthy contract is necessary to secure economic working from natives who work intermittently and are not solely dependent on wages." These reasons are solid and based on facts. One-half the members of the Economic and Wage Commission (1925) found that these regulations "serve a useful purpose." The other half, however—Messrs Andrews,

Lucas and Rood—considered as very serious the point which we have already emphasized—the cheapening of the law in the eyes of the native. As Professor Radcliffe Brown told the Commission, " There was no stigma attached to the native who underwent a term of imprisonment for breach of contract, or for anything else, and that one of the disadvantages of the way in which we have treated natives was the result that there was no moral stigma on the native in going to prison." [1]

A breach of contract is not a crime in native society. " There is no such thing as contract in native law," stated Professor Radcliffe Brown. And he continued, " The European lawyer, with singular lack of logic, says that as the native does not understand what a contract is, we will make it a criminal offence for him to break a contract." The inevitable result is to lower European law in the eyes of the native, who has always had the highest respect for his own law.

In the opinion of Messrs Andrews, Lucas and Rood, this point was " very serious. Any shock to the prestige of the law is one that can hardly be compensated for by any financial advantage." They press for a gradual restriction of the operation of the provisions under discussion and their ultimate repeal.

This view is that advocated in the Report of the International Missionary Council Conference held in Jerusalem, 1928. This Report states: " The

[1] *Report of the Economic and Wage Commission* (1925), p. 330.

practice of prescribing that breaches of labour contracts on the part of workers are to be dealt with as criminal offences is to be condemned as incompatible with modern ideas of justice."

As an Appendix to this volume will be found the full statement of the International Missionary Council with regard to Industrial problems in Africa, and the relations of Governments thereto. This statement was drawn up and adopted by the world's Christian leaders with the assistance and co-operation of such men as Mr H. A. Grimshaw, of the International Labour Office at Geneva, and Mr R. H. Tawney. It outlines a programme toward the realization of which the Christian Churches of the world are urged to concentrate their thinking and acting.

Several sections of this Report have special bearing upon South Africa and should furnish material for much honest inquiry and discussion. One section which I would like to repeat here, is of an especially challenging sort.

Governments are urged to: "Remove all restrictions which have as their effect to impose special economic disabilities on indigenous workers for the economic advantages of other classes of workers and capitalists, by excluding the former from particular employments, by limiting their access to land, by restricting their right of meeting and free speech and by interfering with their freedom of movement." [1]

A serious consideration of this recommendation

[1] See Jerusalem Conf. Report: Appendix, p. 212.

will mean (1) an examination of the sanctions underlying the Colour Bar in Industry; (2) the reasons for the present land hunger among the natives; (3) the validity or otherwise of legislating into the hands of the Government Minister of Justice dictatorial powers to prohibit meetings, the publication of books, newspapers and magazines, any of which in the opinion of the Minister are dangerous from the point of view of creating hostility between Europeans and natives. A Bill to endow the Minister for Justice with these powers is contemplated. This threatened action has aroused keen indignation among the native people. "Are the courts powerless," they ask, "that such wide powers have to be given to a Minister of the Government?" The Johannesburg Joint Council of Europeans and Natives has spoken out plainly on this subject: "No such power should be assumed by any Government. With regard to agitators, they can only prove dangerous if discontent is nourished by real grievances. The wages and land grievances of natives are genuine, and immediate steps should be taken to remove them." "It is difficult to think of a Bill," says the Rand *Daily Mail*, "that could more seriously violate democratic principles." It criticizes the Bill "not only because it unduly encroaches upon the liberty of the subject and the freedom of the Press, but also because it seeks to invest the Minister of Justice with powers that would make him a virtual dictator, subject to no authority but his own. The Government's duty is to remove

the causes of native grievances. With a contented black population sedition cannot thrive."

"If more were done," agrees the Johannesburg *Star*, "both by the Government and by individuals to remove genuine grievances and to meet the legitimate requirements of the native population, there would be no need of special laws to abolish law—for that is what Mr Pirow's (Minister for Justice) Bill amounts to. In so far as there are indications of unsettlement and discontent among some sections of the native population, we think that the explanation must be sought elsewhere than in mere political or racial agitation. The agitator with his glib tongue may inflame feeling, but the average decent native pays little attention to him unless he has a deep and genuine sense of grievance, and in that event mere suppression will not be enough." [1]

"How is this legislation going to stop sedition?" asks a speaker at a great protest meeting of all native political and industrial groups on the Reef held recently. "We could talk about our real injustices from now until to-morrow morning without overstepping the truth. You cannot agitate unless there are causes for agitation. Causes for agitation here in South Africa are many."

The native people are so suspicious of the good faith of the present South African Government

[1] Since this was written the Bill has been passed by Parliament with the important proviso that an appeal (against the Minister's decision) to the courts of the land is allowed.

that several Bills now pending in the Union Parliament, Bills which contain items which would be definite steps in advance for the natives, are condemned by them as wholly vicious.

The Prime Minister, General J. B. M. Hertzog, is proposing to invite the co-operation of the Opposition Party on his native proposals. The Archbishop of Capetown (Dr Carter) has said a wise word here, when he asks whether that is going far enough: "There are many men and women who are in no sense party politicians, who are held in high repute in this country, whose advice should be invited before any steps should be decided upon in the way of legislation. I need hardly say that there should be representatives of the native people." And on the question of the franchise (the Prime Minister is considering doing away with the native direct vote in the Cape Province, a right the natives have exercised since the Union of the Provinces, and substituting a guarded representation by a small group of Europeans in Parliament), the Archbishop voices the opinion of many thinking whites as well as, of course, the natives, when he states: "To my mind there is only one solution of the franchise question which can really be satisfactory, and that is on the principle of 'equal rights for all civilized men.'"

"But," said a Government Minister in discussing the franchise one evening in an informal group which included the writer, "if you give the natives the vote, no matter what your qualifications are,

they will soon become a majority and will rule the land. That is something we cannot contemplate."

There is a good deal to be said for this view; among other things, that it is a magnificent compliment to the natives. The belief that they will qualify for the franchise, no matter how high the educational tests, and in such numbers as to overwhelm the white vote, is a high tribute to their potential ability to get on in the world.

But is it such a fearful thing to contemplate: that civilized men of colour, responsible men, well educated and owners of property, shall have a share, even a considerable share in the future control of affairs in South Africa? How have the few natives who have had the franchise used it in the Cape? Have they abused their rights? Have they used their power to undermine authority, to attack civilization? Not at all. On the contrary, the natives' voting privilege has been very conservatively used. The natives have helped to place in Parliament some of the finest statesmen that South Africa has had.

There is the possibility that the natives may love South Africa—may even love it as the white man. It is their home; they have no other. They are contributing heavily to-day in many ways to the upbuilding of the Nation. Why this unseemly fear that, once in possession of the franchise, they would use it to destroy everything we value as civilized beings? Which is better: (1) to provide an outlet for the natural aspirations of the native people by giving a share in the governing of the

land to those who show they are worthy, gradually instructing them through actual responsibility to assume a part in creating a finer South Africa, to absorb the best products of heart and hand that the Bantu race produces, and in this generous manner; or (2) to debar the Bantus from a real man's share in responsible Government, to cramp and stifle their aspirations, to breed in them a bitter spirit of resentment and revolt because they know they are not getting a fair and square deal? Which way leads to peace and prosperity? South Africa faces this big question to-day. A solution is being sought. The writer is positive that the first solution is the only one worthy of a Nation which occupies a position of high moral responsibility as one of the Christian countries of the world.

There is great need in South Africa for leaders to appear who shall demand that Christian principles be seriously considered in the drawing up of legislation; someone to inspire legislators with the tremendous importance of what they are doing. Someone has called attention to the fact that the proportion of whites to natives in South Africa is almost exactly the same as the proportion of whites to non-whites in the world at large. This is a significant fact. Here in South Africa is a small edition of the world problem of races. Here policies may be worked out which will have an influence beyond the boundaries of this land. Policies here planned and carried out on a generous, statesmanlike plane, will give a lead to a score of

other troubled lands which are waiting for that lead.

Let us suppose that the House of Assembly is sitting at Capetown. Members are discussing questions vitally affecting the black and white races. In the midst of the debate a member rises to speak. He pauses a moment, then asks: "May I suggest, sir, that we consider in silence for a few moments, and later in frank discussion this question—What would Jesus Christ do with this problem? If He were here among us what attitude would He take?" How would the House receive such a proposal?

At first blush it seems ridiculous even to imagine such a situation rising. Surely no member of Parliament, even a clergy member, is enough of a religious "crank" to act in that unseemly fashion. It—why, it simply isn't done!

But let me press the matter for a moment. Why isn't it ever done? I take it that a majority of Parliamentarians regard themselves as Christians and live more or less in accord with Christ's teachings in their private life. Were one of them asked whether South Africa were a Christian or a pagan nation, he would unhesitatingly reply: "Christian, of course!" And yet Christ is no more consulted in the framing of legislation than is Buddha or Confucius. He is tacitly banished from discussion. Of course, South Africa is no worse than other countries in this matter. Important matters in legislative halls are decided on other considerations than religious. The determining factors are the economic (protection; com-

petition in industry); the racial ("our race, our country on top"); the political (fulfil party pledges; keep our seats). It is the amazingly inadequate attitude as to the status of religion in the life of the world. It is the devilish view that "politics is politics, business is business, religion is religion—you can't mix them."

It is high time this sub-Christian theory was buried deep in some forsaken graveyard. Psychology and allied science has long since proved that human beings are not built like corridor railway carriages—a series of compartments; one for politics, one for business; one for religion, etc. Personality is one. Life is a unity of interests and activities. Religion to function at all, must permeate and control all of life. In fact, religion is just that—living in every phase of our life in accord with the highest we know.

In a modern democratic state Christian men and women have a double status, a double responsibility and opportunity. They have rights and duties as enfranchised citizens; but they are also members of the Church of Christ, and that membership carries its own rights and responsibilities. We cannot separate this double set of rights and duties. There remains the necessary and difficult task of adjusting them so that they shall not be in conflict. As Mr H. W. Fox, in his *Christianity in Politics*, has pointed out in a searching discussion, "The failure to relate the one to the other . . . this separation of affairs into secular and sacred has been responsible for most of the troubles which

have befallen our own country (England) as well as the continent of Europe."

The greatest present need in South Africa is that Christian men, wherever located, shall exercise their rights of citizenship and use the ordinary machinery of government to bring about a Christian conception and practice of life. This does not mean coercion of any sort. But it does mean a frank and serious consideration of all the implications of the Christian Gospel as applied to all our problems, and a determination that legislation shall be promoted which is aimed at securing those ends.

If President Coolidge was right when he said that "the government of a country never goes ahead of the religion of a country," it behooves those of us who call ourselves Christian to inform ourselves and others as to what is right and wrong from the Christian point of view, and be prepared to support legislation which a Christian public opinion demands. We should rally to the support of those legislators who are not content with repeating "Lord, Lord," on the Sabbath—a mere lip-service religion—but who are earnestly seeking in legislative chambers to "do the Will of the Father."

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE SOUTH AFRICAN MELTING-POT

South Africa has been referred to as "A Melting-Pot of Races." There are enough ingredients, surely, to make a good strong mixture if fused together into a Nation.

A recent writer, however, has made the discovery that South Africa's melting-pot has no fire under it! The racial ingredients are all in the pot; there is chemical reaction causing a dozen different acrid odours in the form of race prejudices; but the white heat of some steady fire which could blend these elements into one responsible, co-operating body of people, working out a common destiny—that is lacking. Rather it would seem that the rapid fermentation now taking place is tending in the direction of an explosion through spontaneous combustion in the not very distant future.

An analysis of the contents of the South African pot reveals a preponderating black ingredient, the native people—four times the bulk of the white. In between the white and black elements is another, neither black nor white, but a combination of the two. This is the Coloured, or EurAfrican group, numbering over half a million. These people do not mix readily with the blacks, as they do in

America. They regard themselves, and are regarded, as a separate and distinct racial unit.

There is another element in the pot giving rise to odoriferous race prejudices. This is the swarthy East Indian group: 150,000 people from the land of India, brought over in 1860 and following years to work in the cane fields of Natal. Many of the present Indian dwellers in the land, having been born in South Africa, know no other home. On account of their thrift, their keenness in trade, and, as a consequence, their rapid rise in the economic scale, there is much friction and ill will between this group and the others. Chinese and other Asiatics number only a few thousand, but—they are not melting.

Looking closely at the white element in South Africa, we find racial prejudices persisting in some quarters between the English and the Dutch people. There is always someone, or something, on the horizon, to irritate one race or the other—to keep the old Boer War wounds from healing.

The last and most hopeless in the South African pot is the "poor white" element. Thousands of white men throughout the land are unskilled, uneducated workers. They do not take kindly to unskilled ("Kaffir's") work, and they can do no other. Neither will they live on wages that the native is paid. They are creating an economic and political problem of the first magnitude.

This, then, is South Africa's complex situation. The Indian presents a puzzling problem; the Dutch-English feeling is always tense; the forlorn

group of EurAfricans is assuming the status of a National problem; and the poor whites are continually calling for drastic legislation in a despairing attempt to keep themselves from sinking below the level of the blacks. These are all difficult ingredients to fuse in the South African melting-pot.

But the main, big problem, is that of the domination by the million and a half whites of four times that number of natives. What is to be the future relationship of these two principal groups? Will the whites continue to dominate the blacks or will they be submerged in them? Or, can some plan be worked out whereby both white and black can live at peace in the same land?

There are statesmen enough in South Africa to solve this problem; there are brains enough. What seems to be lacking is sufficient brotherly love of the Christian sort to bring out of the present mess of races and prejudices something resembling a kingdom of brothers. What seems to be needed is a warm Christian conscience on the part of the governing peoples; a sense of responsibility to God, and a sympathetic understanding of the other man, and of the fact that he, too, is a child of the same Father. And a realization of the fact that both races desire just about the same things in life.

What do the white people in South Africa want?

The white people want a civilized social order. They want a fair opportunity for their children to obtain in South Africa all the good things of life that are enjoyed by civilized folk in other parts of the world. They do not want this civilized standard

lowered by competition with people living on a lower plane. Entrance of the native into the higher reaches of industrial life will, they fear, not only lower this standard, but will deprive the whites of their sole means of livelihood.

Again, the whites hate the thought of race mixture—intermarriage. They are afraid that the education of the black, his advancement in culture and economic status, will mean his insistence on social equality with the white. White people in South Africa want a lot of things, but I believe these two are basic: First, a civilized life; and second, racial purity. These underlie and promote the insistence upon political dominance by the whites.

What does the black man want?

The native of olden time wanted to be left alone. He didn't want any white man's civilization. He had to be forced to leave his grass hut and his cattle and go to work side by side with the civilized white man in his modern city.

Now, having tasted civilization, he finds that it is good. He wants more of it. He is rapidly falling into step. Hundreds of educated, cultured natives are to-day living on a high civilized plane. More are speedily qualifying as civilized people. They want a place in the sun, a share in the good things of civilization. They want a better future for their children.

Now, I have not been able to discover that the black man wants this at the expense of the white. He doesn't want to force the white man out of his

job. That sort of thing is contrary to his nature. He is not that sort of sinister, plotting individual. There is no underlying, malevolent, devilish scheme lurking in the black man's mind for supplanting the white when he asks for greater opportunity in industry and on the land. He is merely asking for his *share*, for that part of earth's heritage which is due to him as a human being. He doesn't see why the colour of his skin should keep him for ever a drudge. He feels the urge to get up and get on, to take his place in the world. "We want," says one of them, "a Christian civilization and thus together with the best in our own culture we may make a definite contribution to twentieth-century civilization."

"I know," said Dr J. E. K. Aggrey, an African-born native, to a Durban audience, "that some say if they educate the black man he will enter into competition with and eventually overwhelm the whites; but that is altogether the wrong view. As the Africans grow to desire more of life they will become greater consumers, and the white men, who have always handled the money, will handle more. When the black man's wants are few he does not work more than is necessary to fulfil those wants. The remainder of the time he is free to breed trouble. As his wants become greater, he will work more than formerly, and so will have less time for getting into trouble. That is why I plead for education, and, above all, for education that is not of the head only but of the hands, too. The fight for race supremacy is

foolishness. At the back of it is fear. If all the black men were educated this fear would dissolve, as then they would not follow blindly leaders who may try to lead them in the wrong direction." [1]

Dr Aggrey told the story of a Bengal tiger into whose cage its trainer would enter to give the spectators a thrill. One day the trainer was sick so he asked an Irishman to take his place. Pat entered the cage and was badly scared when the tiger turned on him, looking fierce. "Faith and begorra, I'm dead! I'm dead!" cried Pat. Then the man who was hidden away inside the faked tiger, spoke: "Don't be afraid! I'm nothing but an old Irishman myself!" "So it will be," said Aggrey, "when we blacks and you whites get closer and closer together, we will learn not to be frightened, because we are nothing but old Irishmen ourselves, all human together."

But how about race mixture? This is a question that frequently enters into discussion on race matters. Like a red herring on a string it interrupts the continuous thinking of many folk along the trail toward understanding. How many times has the crude question been asked by individuals whose minds have been hermetically sealed by this fear: "That may be all right, friend, but I would just like to ask you one question: How would you like your daughter to marry a Kaffir?" When this question is asked, it is supposed to dispose effectively of any further argument.

I am convinced that this fear has absolutely no

[1] *Aggrey:* Edwin W. Smith, p. 129.

foundation in fact. Its basis is simply conceit; our white man's conceit. We feel that white skin only is attractive, that our white standard of beauty is the only standard. It gives us a jolt to hear otherwise. Said a black man to me, in all confidence, one day: "I don't see what you white men find in the pale white, faded-out women that you seem to admire. They are not beautiful to us. Our standard is much superior, I believe. What can be lovelier than the rich, chocolate colour, the full lips, the round curves, the ready laugh of a woman of our race?"

Black people don't want to be white. Said one of our Johannesburg men the other day: "If I awoke some morning and looked in the mirror and found that my skin had turned white, I would commit suicide!" He was in dead earnest.

"I am proud of my colour," said Dr Aggrey. "Whoever is not proud of his colour is not fit to live. No first-class educated black man wants to be a white man. Every black man wants to be a first-class black man, not a third-class European."

And Dr Robert Russa Moton, that great and worthy successor of Dr Booker T. Washington, remarked: "I want to be your brother in Christ, not your brother-in-law."

During years of association with South African native people, and close friendship with many of the outstanding leaders of the race, I can frankly say that I have never run across the faintest desire on their part to intermarry with whites. The idea of intermarriage is simply not interesting to

them. Wages? Yes. Land? Yes. Housing? Yes. The Pass Laws? Yes. But Intermarriage? No! It is not a live issue and it is only the whites who are seriously bothered about it. All the native leaders I know would cordially assent to the profoundly suggestive statement of Dr Booker T. Washington: "In all things purely social, we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to human progress."

It is curious that this fear should ever have arisen. It is true that there have been occasional cases of intermarriage between white and black in South Africa. There is one such family on our visiting list. A black man has legally married a white woman. He was servant in a home where she was governess. Our sympathy goes out to the white woman and her children. They are ostracized from associating generally with white folk. They bear loss in many directions. But, so far as material welfare is concerned, this family is abundantly well off. They live in a beautiful home—without doubt the finest native home on the Reef—and they are surrounded by all the evidences of education and culture. And husband and wife seem to be perfectly happy and contented in their comfortable home and with their brood of bright, EurAfrican kiddies.

Now I react strongly against considering any solution of our race problem along this line. It may be the ultimate solution. It may be that with the rapid shrinkage of the earth due to rapid transport, we shall get so mixed up in 100,000

years that there will be no Chinese, Japanese, black or white; we may all go back to our original red colour. If it is the Creator's plan that this shall occur, it will probably take place, whether a few white people vote for it or not.

But at the present time in South Africa, the question of intermarriage is not an issue. Neither white nor black desire it. So why not shelve it, for say 1000 years, and get on with the main business—that of making the world a place where different races may live side by side in peace, each enjoying freedom of opportunity in all those things " essential to human progress ? "

Professor Alva W. Taylor has made a highly pertinent observation on this question. He says: " If when we say that we will deny social equality we mean to deny equal pay for equal work, equal opportunity for education, equal rights on the land, equal justice before the courts—in short, an equality of opportunity for the individual, then we cannot profess ourselves to be Christian. . . . If there must be differentiation in community, school, hospital and church, let there be equal service. If we will have different railway carriages and station arrangements, let them be of equal accommodation. When skill qualifies for craftsmanship, let pay be equal and opportunity at the job as well. When the courts function let it be without reference to colour." This is a tremendous statement that should prod us into wakefulness in South Africa.

And another statement that deserves prayerful

consideration by us white folk (on our knees) is this from the International Missionary Council Statement on "The Race Conflict." Says the Council: "The difficulties which arise when two or more peoples, differing in colour or race, who live side by side in the same country, would, this Council believes, be mitigated if steps were taken: (1) To establish the utmost practicable equality in such matters as the right to enter and follow all occupations and professions, the right of freedom of movement and other rights before civil and criminal law, and the obtaining and exercise of the functions of citizenship, subject always to such general legislation as, without discrimination between men on grounds of colour and race, may be necessary to maintain the social and economic standards of the community as a whole; (2) To secure that the land and other natural resources of the country are not allocated between the races in a manner inconsistent with justice and with the rights of the indigenous peoples; (3) To apply the Christian principles of brotherhood and equality in the eyes of God to matters of social relations and to the common life of the community."

And a final stab at our consciences—an adaptation of a poem by Mr Joseph Cotter, one of the rising black poets of the present day:—

"Brother, come!
And let us go unto our God.
And when we stand before Him
I shall say—
'Lord, I do not hate,

I am hated;
I repress no one,
I am repressed;
I covet no lands,
My lands are coveted;
I scorn no peoples,
My peoples are scorned;'
. . . And, brother, what shall you say?"

What shall we say? What *could* we say to-day? That question, like the Hound of Heaven, should pursue indifferent white men until some of the wrongs of earth are made right.

## CHAPTER XIV

### DISCOVERING THE OTHER MAN

Not long ago the writer dropped in to see a friend, a compound manager in one of the large native compounds on the Gold Reef. We were chatting together in his office when the door opened and a white miner stalked into the room in a fuming rage.

"Mr X——" he said, "there's a —— native in my work gang that I want fired! I won't have him work for me another shift!"

"What's the trouble?" asked the compound manager. "What has he been doing?"

"Doing! He's been swearing at me to the other natives!"

My friend turned to me and said: "Please sit down and wait a moment. I want you to see the kind of thing that is happening here all the time." He sent out into the compound for the native, one James, an umXosa.

"James," said Mr X——, in his native language, 'what's the trouble between you and your boss?"

"Why, Nkosi (Chief)," said James, surprised, "there's no trouble between me and my boss."

"But he says you are not respectful to him; that you have been talking disrespectfully about

him to the other workmen. He says you have been swearing at him."

James was mystified. "Why, Nkosi, I wouldn't swear at my boss. He's a good boss."

Mr X—— turned to the white miner. "What was James doing when he swore at you? What did he actually say?"

"I don't know what he *said!* I don't know his —— language! But he was over with the others, and I saw him look my way and talk loud, and throw his arms around and point at me. I know he was swearing at me all right!"

Mr X—— turned to James. "What were you saying to the others when you threw your arms around and pointed at your boss?"

James' face gradually cleared: "I remember. You know we have some new boys in our gang. Some of them were drilling their holes too close to the surface of the rock, and I told them what my boss has often told me, that they must dig straight in, deep, or the dynamite would simply blow a few small pieces of rock all over the stope, and wreck the wooden supports. My boss was standing over by the wooden supports. I was showing them with my arms how the rock would be blown out."

The compound manager explained this to the miner. He subsided at once and went away quite mollified.

"That sort of thing," said Mr X—— to me, "is happening here constantly. The most absurd charges are made against these boys because their bosses don't understand their language. As a

result, the bosses are suspicious and interpret harmless acts and words as dangerous, or as an attack on themselves."

Motoring back to town from the compound I thought over this matter. How much of the present misunderstanding between white and black is due to the fact that a large number of whites are not familiar with the black man's language! Not knowing, we are suspicious; and being suspicious, we are afraid. Also we often ridicule what is not ridiculous.

A friend and I were walking down a Johannesburg street. We approached a group of natives who were gathered before a small wood and iron building. They began talking, all at once, in a curious way, as we passed. They were saying: "*Baba wetu O sezulwini, ma li ngcweliswe Igama Lako; umbuso Wako ma u ze. . . .*" It sounded funny, and my friend laughed aloud. He turned to me and said, "Silly asses! They're a queer lot."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Do you know what they are saying?"

"No."

"Why, they are saying, 'Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. . . .' They are praying the Lord's Prayer."

My companion was confused. "Why. . . . I'm sorry. . . . Of course I didn't know what they were saying." It makes a whale of a difference when we do know what people are saying.

The language obstacle affects race relationships

in a multitude of ways, especially in labour centres where are gathered natives speaking, perhaps, a dozen different languages. Visit the Pass Office, Johannesburg, where contracts of service are being registered. Here is a long line of native men awaiting attention. A half-dozen young white men sit behind a long desk.

"*U telapi, na?* (Where do you pay your tax?)" asks one of these clerks to a native in front of him.

The native man, just from Bechuanaland, doesn't understand the Zulu words; makes no reply. The clerk looks up with a scowl:

"U TELAPI, NA?" he shouts.

The native man feels that something is wrong; looks about uncomfortably. The white man becomes furious. His knowledge of native language proves unequal to the demands of the moment.

"Why don't you answer me?" he demands in English, his voice a shriek. "Why are you wasting my time in this way, you ——, —— fool? Do you think I've got all this bloody day to talk to you, you Silly Ass!" He stands up and looks around—"Where's Albert? ALBERT!"

Albert, the interpreter, comes, and finally matters are straightened out. The native goes out feeling as though he has been unjustly dealt with. He feels humiliated. Why did the white man scowl at him and shout at him so, as though he had done wrong. He didn't know what the white man was saying.

Professor Harlan P. Beach, of Yale University, enjoyed telling of this experience while on a visit

to South Africa: He was asked by a missionary to baptize some new converts. He consented. As the men to be baptized knelt before him, the missionary asked each in turn by what Christian name he wished to be baptized. One replied: "Damfoola!"

"Damfoola?" asked the perplexed missionary. "Where did you hear that name?"

"Oh," said the man, "that's what all the white men called me in Johannesburg!"

Mr Gilbert K. Chesterton never said a more clever thing than when he observed that contact with strange peoples, with their language and customs, is very apt to narrow one's mind. He says there is something very touching, even tragic, in the thought of the tourist who might have stayed at home thinking reasonably and sanely about Laplanders, Chinese and Patagonians as labouring for daily bread and loving their children "but for the tourist's blind and suicidal impulse to go and see what they look like." The human bond that he felt for these people at home was not an illusion, but an inner reality. All these people are fond fathers, quite like anybody else. But when the tourist goes to see their unfamiliar manners and customs, to hear their "jargon," "he is inviting them to disguise themselves in fantastic masks and costumes." And the tourist's resulting reaction often is—"Silly asses! A queer lot!" He doesn't take the trouble to get acquainted with the languages and customs. He laughs at them, and, laughing, misunderstands.

As with the tourist, so I believe it is with many people who may have been in Africa for some time. They still have the tourist's external glance and his laugh. It is very possible, we well know, to live in a certain locality for years without knowing the names, for instance, of the trees growing before our verandas, the family names of the flowers in the garden, or the ages of the rocks beneath our feet. It is just as possible to live in a land without really knowing much about other people with whom we have dealings only of an external sort.

A new situation, however, is being created with the acquiring of the white man's language by the African native. He is becoming articulate in a way that all can understand. And an increasing number of white Africans are making a new discovery. It is a discovery that is as momentous for South Africa as was the discovery of gold and diamonds. They are discovering that the native is a human being, and pretty much the same as other human beings the world around.

For example: Here is an audience of white young people, High School students in one of the Reef towns. They pack a large auditorium. The faces of these young people register curiosity; some, incredulity. "What? A native speak to us?" The chairman of the meeting has just announced that the next item will be an address by a native member of the Bantu Men's Social Centre.

A dignified young fellow, with nut-brown skin, stands up and faces the white audience. Speaking

in good English he finds a point of contact. Let us listen-in for a moment:

"It was once my good fortune," he is saying, "to visit the country from which many of you people have come. It was in England in 1918. During my stay I was invited for a week-end to the home of a gentleman living in the country. It happened that one of the little girls in this country home had never seen an African like myself. She looked me over, disapprovingly, then said to her father, 'Daddy, this man hasn't washed his face!'—then glancing down—'nor his hands!'" The audience smiles.

"I explained to the little girl just how it was; how the African sun had burned us Bantu pretty badly in Africa. Then I told her what I had thought as a small boy when I saw my first white man. 'Why,' I told my brothers, 'here's a man who has been *skinned—alive!*'"

This time it is a real laugh that comes from the white audience. Every word of the speaker is listened to with close attention.

"Some people think," he says, during his address, "that it is a mistake to educate us natives. It 'spoils' us. You say we are not as respectful as are our brothers who wear blankets.

"This is hardly correct. Have you never heard what our blanket brothers often say after they have lifted the respectful finger and said '*Nkosi!*' to you? They turn to another native, laugh, and say '*Suka!* (Away with you!).' The only respectful native man or woman is one who has learned

to respect those high qualities and virtues in you that are worthy of respect. Education helps us to recognize those superior qualities in you white people, and we then reverence you for having them.

"But," goes on the speaker, "we have found that not all white people are worthy of respect. The first white men who came to Africa, we considered chiefs. But we have been brought most intimately into touch with white people in their homes and everyday life. We have watched closely and have discovered that not all of you *are* chiefs. Those who are not, are the ones who are apt to miss the old-time lip-service. But those of you who are worthy of respect will never find us disrespectful or wanting in appreciation of those superior traits which we lack but aspire toward."

This sort of thing is plain speaking. But the speaker puts it so tactfully that no offence is given. The audience is unanimous in its appreciation and voices it. They are face to face with a new factor in the native problem—that of the man himself and his personality. It is an amazing, new discovery, to find a real human being in a dusky skin. And it has all the glamour of the discovery of an unknown continent.

This meeting is one of dozens of similar ones organized by missionaries and co-workers in the attempt to bridge the gap of misunderstanding between black and white. The missionary feels that if members of the two races can be brought

together to talk calmly and sanely about racial matters, that friction will disappear.

A few months ago a courageous Dutch clergyman asked a missionary to come to a large hall and show some cinema films of native life to a Dutch audience. Now the Dutch people of the Transvaal are thought of, in some quarters, as being more prejudiced against the native than are those of English descent. Certain it is that the natives have somehow learned to look on these descendants of the Boers for less understanding and appreciation than on the English.

The missionary urged that the clergyman allow his native glee-singers to come also. This was agreed to. The singers, a dozen native men, were quite excited—"How do you think they will take it? We've never sung to a Dutch audience before. Do you think we shall be safe?"

On the evening in question the missionary appeared at the large hall with a motor-load of native singers. Quite a number of people were to be seen about the door of the hall. The natives were apprehensive.

"Mfundisi," they said to the missionary, "can't you open the door so that we can go inside and wait? We don't know what might happen to us outside here." Arrangements were made to enable them to wait inside while the missionary drove off for another consignment of singers.

When the meeting opened the large hall was packed. The native singers were off in one corner at the front of the hall. In the audience were

Dutch people of all ages. The chairman arose, explained briefly the purpose of the meeting, then announced that the Glee Club would sing before the moving pictures were shown.

Ejaculations escaped from several. The thoughts of some were quite openly apparent: "Natives sing? We will have to speak to Rev. Mr ——— (the chairman) for bringing them into our hall!"

The natives began a beautiful thing composed by a native composer, a clergyman of the Cape Province, Rev. John Knox Bokwe. The voices harmonized perfectly, the deep basses and pure high tenors giving loving expression to the lament of a father for his departed daughter, and in his own beautiful language—"*Vuka, Deborah!* (Awake, my daughter Deborah)."

During the singing of this anthem a miracle happened. Faces softened and a new spirit stole into the hall. As the last sweet sounds died away, there was silence for a short moment, then such applause as the Glee Club had never received! "Encore! Encore!" was shouted in English and its equivalent in Dutch. "Encore!" The singers responded with an absurd little piece written by a Zulu composer depicting the antics of the black jinricksha pullers of Durban. The audience was delighted. Again tremendous applause. "Encore!" It was only after the third song that the chairman could silence his listeners sufficiently to proceed with the programme.

The films, especially prepared for this sort of service by the missionary, put before the audience

the whole native situation on the Witwatersrand, and the great need for Christian service. They were watched attentively for an hour. Then ten minutes of tactful speaking by one of the native men. Then some more singing with the same enthusiastic reception.

As the chairman arose to dismiss the meeting, he said: "I want to say how greatly we have enjoyed the evening. I believe a word of explanation is needed for the benefit of those who have provided the entertainment. We Dutch people are thought of by the native people, I believe, as being rather unsympathetic toward them, as opposing to some extent their progress. But if there is any truth in this at all, I want to state that it is through ignorance. We are ignorant of many of the things regarding which we have received enlightenment this evening. We need to have brought home to us the fact that the black man is a human being like ourselves, with like ambitions and hopes. The singing this evening, the pictures, and the words of the speaker have caused us to understand things that we have never understood before. You have rendered us a great service, for which I want to thank you on behalf of the audience." Again applause.

The missionary left the hall immediately with a group of the singers who were going in one direction. When he came back for the rest he met them, as arranged, some distance from the hall, walking down the street. They were strangely excited. "Do you know, Mfundisi!" they ex-

claimed, " when we came out of the hall, some of the Dutch boys and girls clapped their hands when they saw us! And as we were walking down the street, some of the men bade us a courteous ' Good night! ' " A great experience.

One noon the missionary is called away from his lunch to the telephone. " Mr Missionary," says the voice of the Principal of a Boys' High School, " I have a bunch of young cubs here who have been discussing the native problem. They don't know anything about natives. What can I do for them? "

This is Monday night, the night when a score of native young men will be on the gymnasium floor at the Bantu Men's Social Centre. So the missionary suggests, " Why not bring your bunch down to-night, Mr Principal, and have them meet some natives face to face. Tell them to bring their gymnasium shoes with them."

" Right! " says the Principal.

That evening a somewhat apprehensive lot of young white men appear at the Bantu Men's Social Centre building. They are shown over the big building, and then into the gymnasium, the largest in Johannesburg, where native men are banging a ball about. " Let's get into it, fellows! " someone suggests. They change their shoes, and are soon mixed up on the floor in a hot game of volley ball. " Say, we have had a good time! " they say as they leave. " Those natives are keen, aren't they! " A valuable evening.

At the moment of writing, a debate is being

arranged between the Young People's Society of a Presbyterian Church and the Gamma Sigma Club of the Social Centre. The white young folks chose the question: "Resolved, that Environment has more to do with shaping a race than does Heredity." Say the white debaters, "We want to take the side supporting Environment." Where will their insistence upon the force of environment lead these young people? It will be another worth-while occasion.

Because of his acquaintance with native life and conditions, the missionary is often asked to be the disseminator of correct information to visitors. He obliges as often as his time permits, for he is aware of the false impressions which are so easily acquired by visitors in their travels through Africa regarding the native people.

It is the Director of the Publicity Association who 'phones this time: "I have twenty-five tourists here from England and America who want to see something of native life at first hand. Can you do anything for them?" The missionary names an evening.

At the apponted time, the missionary brings his motor-car to the rendezvous, on one of Johannesburg's busy streets. The Publicity Director meets him and introduces the occupants of a half-dozen cars. The missionary notes with satisfaction that a number of prominent Johannesburg people are accompanying their guests. To each group is outlined the programme for the tour. It sounds good, so good that the wife of the manager of

Johannesburg's premier hotel who was saying "Good-bye" decides to come along.

The string of cars moves off slowly through the town. Later it will lose its funereal aspect as the speed increases. But the first stop is barely half a mile from the starting point.

The missionary draws up before an inconspicuous building, hidden a little from traffic. The visitors leave the cars and gather round him as he explains that this building is a link in a chain of Night Schools. They enter the door and find a hundred full-grown native men hard at it. Little books held tightly in toil-hardened hands; brows knit deep in the attempt to master the King's English; teachers of their own colour busy here and there—"These men are from seven different tribes," says the head teacher. "We take them up to the Fourth Standard here. From here they can go on to another school and take Night Classes leading up to the Junior Certificate."

Most of the visitors look on approvingly. One lady, a South African, is not sure. She approaches the missionary and says frankly, "I don't know if I agree with this educating the natives. Isn't it educating them to be competitors of the white man? If so, what is going to become of the white people in this land?" So a conversation is started which continues intermittently for the rest of the evening.

The motor caravan moves off, this time in the direction of the gold-mines. Along the famous Main Reef road, and then by devious bypaths,

the missionary leads them through the night, until he stops before a long, low building; a section of one of the mighty compounds. The visitors disembark and are led through the big gate to the inside of the enclosure. As they gaze about with interest, they see directly before them a broad, dark mass which seems completely to cover the large space in the middle of the compound. What is this irregular-shaped bulk in the dark? And what is that white spot in front? Suddenly from the mass rises a shout—a human shout! Why, it's a crowd! A whopper of a crowd! Thousands! They're watching a moving-picture screen. Away out here under the stars.

The missionary explains in a subdued tone that this is one of 250 such shows given every month in the mine compounds. These moving-picture exhibitions are under the supervision and control of the missionary, but generously financed by the Chamber of Mines. The pictures are a language which each of the 4000 men from the dozen tribes in this compound can understand. The world of films is combed to provide clean, wholesome, amusing, exciting, instructive films for these masses. "This is great!" says an American business man. The crowd moves off without being seen, for the mob is now going insane with delight at Harold Lloyd's antics in "Hot Water."

Some of the city's slum yards are next on the tour schedule. The visitors react naturally: "Why, this is simply awful!" "Can't something be done about these disgraceful conditions!"

Then from there to the Bantu Men's Social Centre, where the plant is inspected and it is seen how Y.M.C.A. methods are being adapted to the needs of hundreds of Johannesburg native men. Then a stop is made for tea, during which discussion is rife.

The next stop is at one of Johannesburg's native Night Clubs. The "Night Club King" is a good friend of the missionary and he greets them with a smile and shows them around his premises. This hall, with its scores of dancers, and music which is passable, is conducted on decent lines.

Then a descent to the type of low-down dance hall, the negation of everything that smacks of decency. Here in small, stuffy rooms are boys and girls, many in their early 'teens, tightly clasped in each others arms, some cheek to cheek, swaying to the strains of wildly discordant music. In one of these dance-halls a police constable is busy in a corner taking notes from some of the dancers—note the splash of blood on the floor! Somebody had a little too much of the fire-water easily obtainable upstairs. As they leave this hall the missionary explains: "These young folks will stay in this stifling atmosphere until four-thirty in the morning, compelled to do so because of the Pass-law regulations which forbid natives being on the street after midnight. Most of these children are kitchen workers who cannot leave their mistress's home until, say, ten o'clock in the evening." He points out to them nearby shebeens and places of ill-repute where the dancers repair during the night.

"Simply terrific!" say the visitors. "What are you people doing about this?" The missionary tells of forces at work to elevate the whole recreational life of the city's native youth to a higher place; of representations being made to the Government to change the laws regulating the night life of the natives.

Then, as midnight is approaching, the tour is brought to a close by a visit to a hall from which weird, uncanny sounds are escaping, unlike anything ever heard in old Africa. The missionary conducts the party into the rear of a large hall which is filled with Chinese, mostly men. Here to the crashing of brass and the shriek of nameless stringed instruments, Chinese girl actresses from Canton, China, are going through the curious, conventional plays of their people. Every night for six months this travelling troupe of players will be seen in this hall, attracting packed houses of local Chinese. Fifteen minutes of watching from the back of the room is sufficient for the visitors.

Then, after being escorted back into town by the missionary, the visitors take their leave, extremely grateful and full of thanks. "It's been the most wonderful night that I can remember," says an English gentleman. "I didn't dream that Johannesburg contained this sort of thing," says a Johannesburg business man. "How ignorant most of us are about our native people! It's simply inexcusable!" He promises assistance when the missionary should require it.

Said the Principal of a South African University College after he and twenty-five of his students, all Dutch-speaking, had made a trip similar to the above: "Our serious thinking regarding the native begins to-night. We have never considered him seriously before. We have a lot to do to make amends for our indifference in the past."

To the Christian, human beings are not instruments, but brothers. Someone has reminded us that when Robinson Crusoe first saw the man Friday, "the fact that they were fellow-humans was more dominating than colour or creed." When the earth's crust shakes and terror drives people from their homes, the members of a mixed company huddled in a place of refuge are more conscious of their common human frailty before this mighty force than they are of the old distinctions that loomed so big in days of safety.

What an earthquake can do for a few hours, Christ can make an abiding attitude. He gives us a spiritual perspective that is vital for all time. From his lofty viewpoint we see what really weighs heavily when superficial prejudice and shallow opinions are stripped clean away. We then recognize that we are all fellow-mortals, placed here so we can learn to live—*together*.

# CHAPTER XV

## LOOKING AHEAD

When Professor Edward Allsworth Ross, Professor of Sociology in Wisconsin University, was in South Africa only a few years ago, he met thirty or more of the leading white men of Johannesburg. Invariably he asked: "What lies ahead? What is the relationship of white and black to be fifty or a hundred years from now?" And, to his amazement, he got reasoned answers from only two or three. The rest had never given serious thought to the future.

David Grayson has said an arresting thing in his book, *Adventures in Understanding*. "We make our own people," he says, "as we go along, by our treatment of them; fashion them, much as God does, after our own image." Is this true or not, so far as the African is concerned?

The African is certainly taking everything that whites have to give; assimilating what he sees of our civilization. If, after years of contact, we find that he exhibits an unfriendly, hateful attitude toward us, whose fault is it? We may be fairly sure that it is because he has learned it from us, from the hard, grasping, pagan side of our natures —from our modern civilization. These people

are in the making. White people in Africa have an opportunity second to none since Creation for developing a race of people which shall be a finer type than our old world has yet seen.

General Smuts, speaking at Oxford, sounded a call to the British people to send colonizers to occupy the healthy highlands of Africa. "The civilization of Africa," he said, "calls for European settlement." Such European settlers, he pointed out, were necessary to supplement and support the work of Christian missionaries and Government officials as civilizing forces. "If the soul of Africa were left to the unaided efforts of the Christian missionaries and the Mohammedan propagandists, the victory of the latter would not be doubtful."

General Smuts neglected to state the unpalatable fact that the work of the Christian evangelist and educator, in many parts of Africa, has been almost, if not quite, paralysed by the presence of folk of their own colour who have damned the African by word and example while the Christian workers were trying to lead him up into a fine, higher existence. "If missionary effort," as Dr Carter, Archbishop of Capetown, has rightly said, "had the real backing and support of all who profess and call themselves Christians, that effort would be such that no Mohammedan propaganda would be of much avail." Africa needs settlers, but they must be of the right stuff. They must be functioning units in the great task of capturing the human life of the African continent for high ends, in order that all races may live as fellow-citizens in a trans-

formed, improved world order. Co-operation between all white folk in Africa will do the trick. As Dr Aggrey remarked, "Christ Jesus can take Africa in a generation if His disciples will give Him a chance."

One hundred and forty million black folk in Africa. Two million white. One white to seventy blacks! It is inevitable that this overwhelming black population shall eventually control the affairs of the African continent. It is inevitable that they shall progress, shall increasingly occupy a place in the sun. It is inevitable that only those people of other races shall find permanent place in the future destiny of Africa who have learned to get along in brotherly fashion with men of colour.

What is South Africa's answer thus far to the inevitable? An attempt to ignore it, or to put off a statesmanlike consideration of the whole question until to-morrow. The answer of South Africa to the natural rise of the native in industry is the Colour Bar—repression. The answer to low wages and bad conditions is not more wages, better conditions, but a Bill aimed to stifle agitators who are voicing the resulting discontent. The answer to lack of native labour on white farms is met, not by improving farm conditions and making farm work more attractive, but by opening prison gates and sending convicts to the farms, and by seriously planning to send to Central Africa for more cheap labour. The answer to the inevitable desire on the part of the natives for representation as citizens in their own land is met, not by a gradual extension

of the franchise from the Cape to the other provinces by means of an educational and property test, but by the framing of Bills looking to the elimination of the Cape native vote and the provision, in its stead, of a Council system for natives which will satisfy nobody but the politician who cannot imagine himself ever sitting in Parliament with a black man.

What is the result of this sort of answer to the inevitable?

The inevitable result! Discontent, suspicion, actual hatred of the white man by the native. There are many problems to be met in Africa; many changes Governmental, economic and social are urgently called for. But the note of the hour has been sounded by Mr Basil Mathews when he states: "Behind and beneath all lies the need for a fundamentally new attitude toward the African." A new, basic understanding of the humanity of the black man must precede any satisfactory overhauling of policies.

And that is just where the *Christian* white man in Africa comes in. He must begin to look into the matter and ask himself if his religion has any bearing on his treatment of the native. A group of Southern white men in America, sons and grandsons of slave owners, have formed an organization to study this very subject. Said one of them, "Some of us have determined to live the Gospel of Christ or scrap it. If the Gospel cannot get us over this colour line, then it is of no value anywhere else, and we must go out and look for a religion that will."

I believe we shall find that our Gospel can get us over the colour line in South Africa. And it is the only thing that can. One reason that so many whites go to pieces morally when dealing with natives is that they lack the inspiration of religion to restock their depleted supply of patience; rebuild frayed nerves. It is difficult to be consistently considerate and brotherly to the blacks. There is so much about them that is wearing to one's moral fibre. The only way it can be done is by "looking at God over their shoulders." Christ saw the Divine hovering over every human being. He saw the possibilities in man for infinite transformation. And He knew that it was God's will that each of His man creatures should have full opportunity to enter into life abundant; into sonship with Him.

That is the attitude! With that attitude toward the race problem there is hope. African whites with that sort of grip on the situation would speedily transform the Hymn of Hate into a Te Deum; make a joyous picnic out of an agitator's meeting.

Such attitude means a re-examination of our thinking all along the line. It sets our face against race hatred, envy, contempt. It causes us to examine the social and economic life of both white and black to discover how both races can share in the good things of this great continent without stepping on each others' toes. It leads us to ask, for instance, as Mr Grimshaw asked at Jerusalem, "If it might not be possible to avoid the creation of a landless proletariat, dependent entirely upon wage-earning,

which must needs go through the long travail of European working-class populations, but with infinitely worse chances of securing well-being at the end of their effort."

Such a Christian attitude will seek to perpetuate itself in the coming generation of young people. Race prejudices are not natural with children. They should be quietly disposed of as they appear, by a frank facing of the facts of colour. They should be taught to appreciate the human qualities in other men and women. In over a hundred colleges and universities in the Southern State of America there are courses in race relationships. Dr Will Alexander, Chairman of America's Inter-racial Commission, says, "The young people are enthusiastic about them."

Such an attitude will welcome the coming to South Africa of representatives of Christian people overseas to assist in working out and applying a Christian programme to African peoples. Europe and America should give more, and of their best, to Africa. The Negro churches in America should send out more men of the type of Mr Max Yergan, who is making such a tremendous contribution in the organization of student Christian work in South African native institutions.

Africa needs specialists in all the arts of Christian living. General Smuts truly stated at Oxford that "more and more the scientific and medical aspects of mission work are coming to the fore."

Africa needs consecrated, highly specialized men for evangelism. After 100 years of endeavour, it

is stated that 34 per cent. of South Africa's native people are Christian. That is excellent, but the work must be extended by men and women with a social passion, who will co-operate with other agencies to make religion the vital centre of the new life of Africa.

Africa needs highly trained leaders in education who will train native teachers to make the isolated school-house hum with a continuous round of activities for young and old. As a community centre the native school should supplement Church activities by providing for co-operative societies, mothers' meetings, child welfare, agricultural shows, etc. etc.; the youth should be mobilized for athletics and music, tree-planting and gardening competitions, reading, Scouts and Guides, Sunday Schools and Bible Classes, and extension into the backward districts with Night Schools, dramatics, home-work exhibits, community singing, and folk-dances. These and a host of similar activities should convince the Devil of the utter futility of his trying to find any idle hands to keep busy.

And, of course, Africa will need medical men and hospitals for generations. The finest of the profession, combining with modern scientific training that passion for the lives of men so well exemplified in Dr Albert Schweitzer and in many of our missionary doctors.

Africa needs Christian social engineers, recreation directors, agricultural experts—but why go on? She needs everything that Christian communities of white folk have discovered that ministers to the

development of fine men and women, high-souled, keen-minded, physically fit.

In sketching so inadequately and briefly the needs of Africa, we are not unmindful of the need of a new attitude toward Africa on the part of overseas Christians. The field of service now wide open to them is staggering in its appeal. The old demand, that of reaching the souls of the Africans is as insistent as ever before. But the horizon has lifted, exposing the great panorama of a continent on trek —moving with great speed. "We are coming! We are coming!" they cry. Millions are leaving the old grass huts, the old fears of their fathers, the old rituals and taboos—for What?

It is up to us Christian people to supply the answer, if we will. But the answer will not be in our hands if we fail to glimpse the tremendous responsibility upon us. "The world mission of Christianity," said Mr J. H. Oldham in July 1929, "is something much bigger than even those of us who have been carrying on the work of the Church in non-Christian countries have hitherto thought."

The work which has been accomplished by the Christian missionary in Africa in the past must not be minimized or understated in considering future needs. The Christian people of Africa and overseas are exerting, and have exerted, a tremendous influence for good among the native peoples.

But in comparison with the broad fields of service now revealed, that which has gone before is the first step merely. If we measure up to present-day opportunities, it is going to cost and cost

heavily in hard cash, in intellectual resources, in soul forces. Africa is a big land; its people are legion.

But our hand is at the plough, the furrow lies straight ahead, a continent will follow our lead if it is the lead of fellowship and brotherhood. The call is to high service, hand in hand with the Creator to create with Him out of this rough material a new continent which shall accept the best of civilization, reject that which is unworthy; welcome brotherly men in brotherly spirit; and, for the future, lift up its voice in praise to the Almighty for His wonderful goodness and mercy to this His race of black children.

# APPENDIX

## THE CHRISTIAN MISSION IN RELATION TO INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS IN ASIA AND AFRICA

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# OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY COUNCIL MEETING AT JERUSALEM, 1928

## Christ the Lord of All Life

The International Missionary Council desires to preface its report on industrial conditions by asserting, with all the power at its command, its conviction that the Gospel of Christ contains a message, not only for the individual soul, but for the world of social organization and economic relations in which individuals live. Christ came that men might have life, and might have it more abundantly. When He wept over Jerusalem, He lamented the spiritual ruin, not merely of an individual, but of a whole society. He chose as His apostles not the wise and learned, but men engaged in the ordinary occupations pursued in all ages by the mass of mankind. His teaching used as its vehicle illustrations drawn from the labour of the shepherd, the fisherman, the wage-earner and the peasant. By the message of divine love revealed in the Incarnation the division between the spiritual and the material is overcome, and all human relations are transfigured. In the light of that revelation His followers have learned that they cannot love God unless they also love their fellow-men with a

love that transcends differences of race and class and economic position. It is in such love, Christ taught them, that they will find the Kingdom of Heaven. If they are to be faithful to their Master they must try all social and economic systems by the standard which He revealed. It is their task to seek with the help of His spirit to realize love with ever-increasing fulness, not merely in their own hearts, but in their social order, in their political relations and in the daily transactions of the factory and the market-place.

Approaching the problems of social life in such a spirit, the Christian will welcome the triumphs of science and technical skill by which the resources which God has given to His children have been made more fully available for the service of all. But he will regard material wealth as an instrument, not as an end. He will value it primarily as an aid to spiritual growth and vitality. He will desire that economic interests shall be, not the master, but the servant, of civilization. He will recognize the truth of the words—" there is no wealth but life "—and will judge different forms of economic activity, not merely by their success in increasing riches, but by the degree to which they foster a Christian character and way of life among all members of the human family. In particular, he will try the social and economic system by three simple, yet fundamental, criteria:

1. Christ's teaching as to the sanctity of personality. The sanctity of personality is a funda-

mental idea of Christian teaching, which is reiterated again and again in the New Testament. "I am come that men might have life." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me." "It were better for a man that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were cast into the sea, rather than that he should offend one of these little ones." In the light of such sayings any form of economic organization which involves the treatment of men primarily as instruments of production, or which sacrifices the opportunity of full personal development which should be the right of every child, is evidently anti-Christian. Human beings, the New Testament teaches, are not instruments, but ends. In the eyes of God all are of equal and infinite value.

2. Christ's teaching as to brotherhood. The teaching of the New Testament is that all men are brothers, because all men are children of one Father, and that they owe to each other the service which is the expression of their common sonship. The Christian ethic, therefore, would seem to preclude such struggle for gain or self-advancement as snatches opportunities for personal success at the expense of the community or of its weaker members, and the organization of economic life primarily with a view to the enrichment of individuals. "He that would be greatest among you let him be the servant of all." "Blessed are the meek." "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Co-operation in

unselfish service, rather than competition for individual profit, would seem to be the temper most appropriate to a Christian society.

3. Christ's teaching as to corporate responsibility. It follows from the emphasis laid by the New Testament upon brotherhood that a Christian society is under an obligation to use every means in its power to bring within the reach of all its members the material, as well as the ethical, conditions of spiritual growth and vitality. The Christian Church is described by the apostle as Christ's body. It is not a gathering for prayer and worship of individuals who otherwise are unrelated, but a fellowship and society embracing all human relationships in which all are members one of another; and it is only in such a fellowship, the New Testament teaches, that men can bear the fruit of the Christian life. All forces, therefore, which destroy that fellowship—war, economic oppression, the selfish pursuit of profits, the neglect of the immature, the aged, the sick or the weak—are definitely and necessarily in sharp contradiction with the spirit of Christianity. Christian society exists in so far, and only in so far, as Christians show not merely in words but in action that they are eager to "bear one another's burdens and thus fulfil the law of Christ."

The teaching thus briefly indicated makes it clear that the New Testament does not recognize the antithesis frequently emphasized by later ages between individual and social regeneration. The

task of the Christian Church, therefore, is both to carry the message of Christ to the individual soul, and to create a Christian civilization within which all human beings can grow to their full spiritual stature. It is its duty to acquire the knowledge by which the conditions which imperil such growth may be removed, and those which foster it may be established. It is its duty to speak and work fearlessly against social and economic injustice. It is its duty both by word and action to lend its support to all forces which bring nearer the establishment of Christ's Kingdom in the world of social relations, of industrial organization and of economic life.

We acknowledge with shame and regret that the churches everywhere and the missionary enterprise, coming as it does out of an economic order dominated almost entirely by the profit motive (a motive which itself stands in need of Christian scrutiny), have not been so sensitive of those aspects of the Christian message as would have been necessary, sensibly to mitigate the evils which advancing industrialization has brought in its train, and we believe that our failure in this respect has been a positive hindrance—perhaps the gravest of such hindrances—to the power and extension of missionary enterprise.

### The Problems and some Christian Solutions

The International Missionary Council has considered the danger to the establishment and main-

tenance of Christian moral and social standards arising from the penetration of western economic civilization into countries which have been hitherto little affected by it. Experience shows that the problems presented by such penetration affect directly and intimately the missionary enterprise and, unless treated in the spirit of Christian wisdom, present grave obstacles to the progress of Christianity among the peoples concerned. It has been specially impressed by the following points:

1. The problems presented by the investment of capital in undeveloped areas and the necessity of securing that it takes place on terms compatible with the welfare and progress of indigenous peoples.

2. The necessity, in developing the natural resources of such areas, both of protecting indigenous peoples and of securing the utilization of their resources for the service of the world as a whole, on terms compatible with such people's welfare.

3. The obligation resting on the governments of the economically more advanced countries to secure that economically less developed peoples are protected against economic and social injustice, and share fully and equitably in the fruits of economic progress.

4. The vital importance of securing that the political and economic action of different nations interested in economic expansion does not continue to produce the friction between such nations which has hitherto accompanied it.

With a view to meeting the problems thus presented, the Council would suggest that the following points should be borne in mind:

### 1. The Investment of Capital in Undeveloped Areas

(*a*) Public loans made for the development of industrially undeveloped areas are so fraught with the possibility of international misunderstandings and of dangerous combinations between exploiting groups in lending and borrowing countries that such loans should be made only with the knowledge and approval of the League of Nations and subject to such conditions as it may prescribe.

Where the League of Nations is not recognized, earnest consideration should be given to the establishment of other safeguards which may serve the same purpose.

(*b*) Private investments should in no case carry with them rights of political control over the country in which the investment is made, and in no case should the political power of the government of the investing country be used to secure the right of making loans and of obtaining concessions and other special privileges for its nationals.

(*c*) The development of the economic resources of backward countries should as far as possible be entrusted to undertakings of a public utility character which have regard not merely to economic profit but to social considerations, on the govern-

ment of which the people of the country concerned should be adequately represented.

## 2. The Development of the Economic Resources of Undeveloped Areas

In developing the natural resources of undeveloped countries, it is of vital importance:

(*a*) That economic development should not be accelerated in such a way as to prevent due attention being paid to the problems created by changing social conditions, or as to injure the social welfare of the population affected by it.

(*b*) The welfare of the indigenous populations must be the primary consideration, and the practice of alienating land to foreigners without regard to the rights and needs of the peoples of the areas concerned is to be strongly condemned.

(*c*) The utmost care should be taken to prevent the social institutions which preserve the stamina of native peoples from being undermined before they can be replaced by other safeguards.

(*d*) The revenue of the country should be applied primarily to the development of services such as health and education designed to promote the welfare of the indigenous peoples.

### 3. Protection against Economic and Social Injustice

It is essential that governments concerned with undeveloped areas should apply to them the knowledge gained by a century of experience of the measures needed to prevent economic and social injustice, and in particular that they should:

(*a*) Stop at once the practice of employing forced labour by companies or private individuals, and also, except in cases of immediate and unforeseen national emergency, by public authorities.

(*b*) Ensure that contracts of labour entered upon by workers of primitive races should be fully understood by them, should be voluntarily entered upon, and should be subject to the approval of the administrative authorities, particularly in regard to their stipulations concerning the following points:

(1) The length of the contract should not be such as to endanger the home life of the worker.

(2) Provision should be made for the return of the worker to his home, at intervals where possible, and at the expiration of his contract.

(3) The general conditions under which the labour is to be carried out, including wages, housing, food and clothing, should be satisfactory.

(4) The medical and sanitary equipment of the work-place should be adequate.

(5) Where workers are imported from abroad, in addition to the matters mentioned above, especial care should be taken to ensure that the workers are adequately safeguarded during their journeys, and that their return to their homes at the expiration of their contracts, if they so wish, should be fully guaranteed.

(6) Where workers are imported from abroad, due provision should be made, wherever possible, that they should be accompanied by their wives, and for the establishment of quarters for married people.

(7) The practice of prescribing that breaches of labour contracts on the part of workers are to be dealt with as criminal offences is to be condemned as incompatible with modern ideas of justice.

(*c*) Introduce the legislative provisions necessary to maintain and advance the standard of life of workers in industry; in particular:

(1) To limit the working hours, and to secure not less than one day's rest in seven for all workers.

(2) To establish a legally enforceable minimum wage.

(3) To ensure proper standards of health and of safety in working conditions.

(4) To bring about the progressive elimination of child labour.

(5) To ensure that the conditions of women's labour are not such as to imperil their health and the future of the race.

(6) To ensure that those workers partially or wholly disabled by accident or sickness arising out of the conditions of their employment are adequately provided for.

(7) To establish a system of inspection competent to supervise the application of such legislation and to ensure its efficiency.

(*d*) Established freedom of combination and organization for employers and employed alike.

(*e*) Develop the social services of education, public health and housing, and take steps to create an environment favourable to a healthy and self-respecting life.

(*f*) Remove all restrictions which have as their effect to impose special economic disabilities on indigenous workers for the economic advantage of other classes of workers and capitalists, by excluding the former from particular employments, by limiting their access to land, by restricting their right of meeting and free speech and by interfering with their freedom of movement.

### 4. Avoidance of Friction between Nations engaged in Economic Expansion

Experience shows that among the most prolific causes of friction among nations has been the rivalry of competing imperialisms to secure preferential access to sources of raw materials, markets and opportunities of investment in the still undeveloped regions of the world. It is of vital importance to the future of civilization that this rivalry, ruinous alike to the nations engaged in it and to the indigenous populations, should be brought under control. Such control can be established only by the action of an international authority, which can do impartial justice to the claims of all nations. The International Missionary Council looks forward, therefore, to such an extension of the activities of the League of Nations and of the International Labour Organization as may result in the creation of an international code, defining the mutual relations between the various powers interested in colonial expansion, and the indigenous populations affected by it, and also to fuller co-operation between all nations, whether members of the League or not, for the attainment of that object. It regards the economic functions of the League in relation to such matters as loans, concessions, labour and tariff policy and communications as among the most important branches of its work, and desires to see them extended as widely and rapidly as possible.

# APPENDIX

## Provision for Research

The International Missionary Council recognizes the difficulties and also the differences of opinion that exist as to both the necessity for and the method in the application of the teaching of Christianity to social organization and economic relations. The Council therefore regards it as of vital importance that Christian bodies both in the mission field and in Europe and America should be equipped for the study of this subject, by the establishment of an adequately staffed Bureau of Social and Economic Research and Information, in connection with the International Missionary Council. Such a bureau should work in close contact with the workers and National Christian Councils in the mission field, the corresponding bureau established as a result of the Stockholm Conference, the departments of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association concerned with industrial and social problems, and the International Labour Office. It should have as its functions:

1. To produce reports and supply information on the economic and social problems arising from the contact between more advanced economic civilizations and the peoples of undeveloped countries, and with this object to secure that the necessary research is regularly undertaken.

2. To advise the missionary organizations as to

the special economic and social problems of the areas in which they are working.

3. To arrange for joint action between different Christian bodies both in sending countries and in the mission field, with a view to the removal of unchristian conditions of life and work.

4. To bring to the notice of Christian bodies and mission boards the urgent necessity of securing an adequate supply of competent workers in the mission field equipped with the necessary economic and social training.

5. To bring to the notice of Christian bodies and missionaries the importance of forming groups of students who will investigate social and economic problems in their various areas and disseminate knowledge with regard to them, and of emphasizing in their schools and other educational activities the social content of the Christian message.

6. To co-operate with other agencies, both public and private, in all measures which have as their object to raise the level of economic and social life. These functions should be performed with the aid of the regular staff of the Council.

The Council refers this proposal to the national organizations, instructing its officers to submit detailed plans, including suggestions for financial support apart from the ordinary funds of the Council, and provision for the maximum co-operation with other bodies concerned.

# APPENDIX

## Conclusion

In concluding its report upon industrial problems, the International Missionary Council desires once again to emphasize its conviction that the advancement, by thought and speech and action, of social righteousness is an essential and vital part of the Christian message to mankind. A Christian society is to be known by its fruits. Among those fruits are love, peace, joy and the spirit of patient and self-sacrificing service. It is by the revelation of such qualities with ever-increasing fulness, in their industry, in their politics and in the other practical affairs of their daily life, not less than in their personal conduct, that Christians must seek to commend their Faith to peoples and individuals who have not yet received it. "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?"

The fulfilment of such a mission calls both for devotion and for knowledge. Knowledge, not less than the other gifts which elevate and purify human life, is of God. Christian churches, in all parts of the world, must seek to obtain a fuller knowledge of the social and economic problems which confront them, in order that, under the guidance of their Master, they may be less unworthy instruments in the advancement of His Kingdom.

The International Missionary Council has attempted to indicate some of the practical conclusions which, as it thinks, are suggested by the experience hitherto obtained of the issues raised by the spread

of western economic civilization among peoples as yet but little affected by it, and it has suggested methods by which that experience may be made more fully available in the future for the guidance of all who are concerned in missionary work. It has done so because it believes that it is the duty of Christians, while preserving an open mind to new light from whatever quarter such light may come, not merely to state the general principles of the Christian Faith, but to make clear their application to the problems of human life which arise in the mission field. The Council calls on all who have felt the power of the Christian message to join with it in prayer for a clearer vision of the meaning of the tasks which the service of their Master imposes upon them in their social and economic relations, and for the grace by which these tasks may be more hopefully undertaken.

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